

Jas. F. Daly Sr.

Improvement Era

Vol. XX

December, 1916

No. 2



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



Sympathy Is Grateful

When you're sorrowing. But it doesn't pay bills. An insurance policy is full of the right sort of sympathy when your property is destroyed. And no one should neglect to secure protection against such a contingency. We give you the maximum of insurance at minimum of cost. Let us quote you rates.

Home Fire Insurance Co. of Utah

Salt Lake City, Utah. 22 Main Street.
"Keep Money at Home."

Christmas is on its Way

Do you know what you want to give your brothers and sisters and friends?

Do you know what you want yours lf?

There is nothing like

BOOKS

for books last and they can be read time and again.

We have a **LARGE STOCK** and a **GREAT VARIETY**.

Write for catalogs and prices

Deseret News Book Store

THE LEADING BOOK CONCERN

"Civilization begins and ends with the plow."—Roberts.

UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE LOGAN UTAH

WINTER COURSE OPENS NOVEMBER 14th

You can enter without examination, or without previous high school training. At the same time, the courses admit of a student qualifying for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Are You Interested in Any of These Subjects?

Crops and Soils	Forging	Accounting
Commercial Fruit	Construction of	Political Science
Growing	Farm Houses	Arithmetic
Poultry Keeping	Farm Repair Work	Cheese Making
Shop Work	Machine and Auto	Butter Making
Stock Judging	Work	Canal Management
Insect Pests	Care of Tools	Practical Irrigation
Common diseases of	Music	Problems
Animals	Foods and their Uses	Construction of
Farm Accounting	English	Roads and
Farm Building and	Business Correspondence and Spelling	Maintenance of Same
Machinery		China Painting
		Fabric Decoration

In addition to the above special courses for women are offered.
Further information furnished on request.

Address: The President, Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

The Birth of Jesus

By Orson F. Whitney

A stranger star that came from far
To fling its silver ray,
Where, cradled in a lowly cave,
A lowlier infant lay;
And led by soft sidereal light,
The orient sages bring
Rare gifts of gold and frankincense,
To greet the homeless King.

O wondrous grace! Will gods go down
Thus low that men may rise?
Imprisoned here the Mighty One,
Who reigned in yonder skies?
Hark to that chime!—What tongue sublime
Now tells the hour of noon?
O dying world! art welcoming
Life's life—Light's sun and moon?

Proclaim Him, prophet harbinger!
Make plain the Mightier's way,
Thou sharer of His martyrdom!
Elias? Yea and Nay.
The crescent moon, that knew the Sun,
Ere stars had learned to shine;
The waning moon, that bathed in blood,
Ere sank the Sun divine.

"Glory to God!—good will to man!
Peace, peace!"—triumphal tone.
"Why peace?" Is discord then no more?
Are earth and heaven as one?
Peace to the soul that serveth Him,
The Monarch manger-born;
There, ruler of unnumbered realms;
Here, throneless and forlorn.

—*Elias—An Epic of the Ages.*



John J. Galbraith, a leading and prosperous Lamanite of Cardston, Alberta, Canada (left), with Monutain Chief, his mother's brother (right) holding the bow and arrows. He is a staunch member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. A manifestation of his ancestors through a dream made known to him the principle of salvation for the dead and other gospel doctrines. He recognized his duty, and soon afterwards applied to President E. J. Wood for baptism. This ordinance was performed, and since then Brother John has brought into the Church other of his Indian brethren. He was ordained a priest, and is now an elder.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XX

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 2

Faith

By Nephi Jensen

Paul, the prophet-philosopher of primitive Christianity, said, faith is "the evidence of things not seen." What did he mean? Manifestly, that faith in a sense takes the place of ordinary evidence; or, in other words, it is the capacity to believe without the evidence that appeals directly to the physical senses. Faith is a state of soul keenly sensitive to truth, because of the soul's purity and spirituality. Is not this the meaning of Christ's words to Thomas? "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Why should they be "blessed" who believe a great truth without the most positive proof to the senses? Simply because their souls are so nearly tuned to truth that they perceive the truth without witnessing that complete outward demonstration required by smaller souls.

We are told that "Faith comes by hearing the word of God," and yet two men may hear the same preacher speak the same words, at the same time, and the one will believe, and the other will scoff. What is the conclusion? That the one is deluded, and the other is too intelligent to be deceived? Not at all. The one is so far estranged from truth that it may take years to dispel his doubts. While the other, in the nobility of his soul, is as sensitive to truth as a pure, delicate soul is to beautiful things.

Faith is susceptibility to the knowledge of spiritual things. The skeptic sees only matter in the universe. The man of faith sees the eternal meaning, of which visible things are but the symbols. The skeptic feels only the coarse grating of visible things. The man of faith feels the serene spirit that emanates from the heart of things.

A man of science and a spiritual-minded man walked together in a park early in the morning. They came to a perfectly formed rose, nestled snugly in a foliage of green. As they came near the flower, the spiritual-minded man instantly experienced

an elevation and ennoblement of spirit, and he remarked, "That is a beautiful rose." The scientist said nothing for a moment, but leaning close to the flower, he discovered a mole on a leaf nearby, and remarked, "I see a peculiar mole on this leaf. I shall take it to my laboratory and analyze it, and attempt to discover what whim of nature is responsible for it." For days and weeks he studied the mole, and discovered some new botanical truths. But he did not see the rose. He saw only its petals. But the spiritual-minded man both saw and felt the rose. He saw in it a symbol of the beautiful, and felt in it the divine manifestation of tenderness and purity.

Should this man of science cease studying the mole? Not at all. But he should not expect to find the truth that glows in the heart of the rose through a process of scientific analysis that can only reveal cold, botanical facts. If he ever sees, feels and knows the rose, it will be because he has become so tender and pure of spirit that the beauty and fragrance of the rose will melt into his soul.

Faith is the only key to the knowledge of God. Science may strive for this knowledge, but it will strive in vain. Reason may search for it, but only to be balked by the prophet's old and enduring challenge, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" The man of science tries to find the heart of things through an endless analysis of the shell of things. He clings so loosely to some isolated fact that he often fails to get the big meaning beyond his fact. But the man of faith ventures boldly into the realm of the unknown, seeking to know the heart of things by getting close to the heart of things.

A man of science and a man of faith were walking together in a canyon one day. They came to a large towering rock with a deep, dark seam across it. The man of science stopped and peered into the dark seam, and remarked, "I will stop here and study this seam." He stayed and investigated the seam. The man of faith went on to a grove in the distance. As he penetrated the deep forest, the gentle breeze singing through the bows of the trees seemed to say, "God is here." His faith was intensified. He said, "I will draw yet nearer to my Maker." He prayed; and as he prayed a spirit of calmness, peace and harmony came into his soul and made him feel certain that he was very near to the ever-beating heart of the Eternal. He found God. The other man became a geologist.

The two men met again a few years later. The man of science eagerly told of the many things he had learned from his study of the seam in the rock. The man of faith spoke of what he discovered in the grove. The man of science laughed, and said, "The only way to find out God is to learn all about his universe."

Is the conclusion of this man of science correct? Can one learn to know God by learning all about his universe? Yes; but only in eternity. If man learns to know God here and now, he will learn to know him in the same way that one man knows another. How does one man know another? Not through a technical knowledge of the other's mental capacity and achievements, but through the other's manifestation of favor, friendship and love. So, too, we learn to know God by drawing so near to him that we become as certain of his disposition towards us as a delicate and tender soul is of the beauty and fragrance of a flower.

Should this geologist, then, cease studying the seam in the rock? By no means. But he should learn that he must not only go direct to nature for a knowledge of nature, *but also direct to God for a knowledge of God.*

Herbert Spencer truthfully said, "we only know things through phenomenon," manifestation, and yet he spent most of a lifetime, and the vigor of his great brain, trying to find out God through an analysis of the structure of his universe, instead of seeking through faith for a manifestation of his favor and power. No wonder he reached the sad conclusion of many other scientists that God is "unknowable." To know God, in the way Spencer sought to know him, one would have to be omniscient. A child does not and cannot know its mother in the way Spencer sought to know God. And yet the child knows all that it needs to know now about its mother. How? By going with its troubled soul to the altar of her love and feeling her assuring words, "Peace be still."

Faith is the sovereign faculty of the soul. It is consciousness intensified. Through faith we see farther than the reach of the eyes, hear things that the ears fail to detect, and feel things that elude physical touch. It is the soul of nobility. It is the matchless instrumentality with which man conquers his most deadly foes. It is the key to truth and the only way to the heart of God. The supremacy of Christ as a teacher is established by the emphasis he gave to the two big words of religion,—"faith," and "love." And the greatness of Christ's modern prophet is completely proven by the fact, that he had the largeness of mind, the limitless reach of soul, and the splendid courage, in an age of darkest doubt, to *go direct to God for a knowledge of God!*

It is most heartening that the century that produced Ingersoll's famous funeral oration, which contains the sad lamentation, "We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry," also witnessed the triumph of a great prophet's faith, the story of which is a complete answer to the doubter's "wailing cry."

Prosperity, Debts and Investments

By Bishop Charles W. Nibley

[A number of speakers at the October conference called attention to the wisdom of getting out of debt during these prosperous times. And they certainly are prosperous, except to the small class who are earning regular and fixed salaries. These, unfortunately, in a great majority of cases are much worse off than in ordinary times, when products of the factory and field are more normal. It is a fact that a salary of \$50 six or eight years ago would reach as far as one of \$100 today. Therefore, salaried men are practically in a position of hard times, approaching panic, for in a majority of instances, their salaries remain where they were, while their unavoidable expenses are practically doubled. But for all others, there has perhaps never been a time when money was so plentiful, and so easily obtained as now. Hence, the injunction to make good use of the time to pay one's debts and to avoid obligations and borrowing to be paid in the future when things will be reversed and high prices for merchandise and products will tumble. Hence, the financial key word, to the people at conference, was: "Pay your debts and keep out of debt." Bishop Charles W. Nibley emphasized this advice, and pointed out also how money should be used when there are no debts to pay. We suggest that all should read and follow the counsel which he gave. To that end, we reproduce parts of his speech.—*Editors.*]

I give it to you as the best advice to myself and to you all, that there never was so good a time to get out of debt as right now. The people are abundantly prospered and blessed. Coming over from my home this afternoon, I noticed both sides of the street lined with automobiles. I suppose all around this block you will find it so. I am glad to see it; I am proud to see it. But I hope that those who are owing for their automobiles, or any part of them, will lay this counsel to heart, for it is mighty good gospel for all of us—that we pay off our obligations, and also that we lift the mortgages on our homes and farms. Everything that you produce in these times commands a good price. Everything in the way of food stuffs, beef, mutton, swine and cereals, as well as fruits, they are called for in one form or another, canned or put up in different ways, to supply the armies of Europe. They are sent abroad by shiploads. The war has created a great demand for all that you produce, and still more and more is called for.

A stream of gold is coming back into this country, so much so that our banks can hardly contain it, for I noticed that in the last few days the banks in New York have been sending seventy-five to one hundred million dollars back to London, to loan it there, because there is so much here that they can't loan it. That

stream of gold is pouring back because of these war supplies. Not only the munitions of war, but the supplies of food, clothing, and everything that your farms produce, are called for to be used by those armies, and the prices are of the best. Therefore, now is the time to pay our debts, and, having paid them, to keep out of debt.

If we are prosperous to such an extent that we forget our obligations to each other and to the Lord, what kind of prosperity is that? You can read in the Bible a prophecy of Solomon; I wish I had time to read it for you, but these words are the closing of it: "The turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them" (Prov. 1:32). I have wondered if in this immense and unbounded prosperity it shall not be to us the prosperity of fools, which may destroy us. For if it takes faith out of our hearts, if it destroys the faith of our children so that they do not love the work of the Lord as they should do, and are given to frivolity and going the ways of the world,—if it does all that, then it is the prosperity of fools that destroys us!

Now, if we are not in debt, and have no obligations to pay, and have a little surplus on hand, instead of investing that money in some "get-rich-quick" scheme, away off, say in South America or Mexico, investing in land, timber, rubber, or bananas, or in sending our surplus money to invest in coal in Wyoming, sending it away to these investments that we don't know anything about, I advise you to keep your money at home, and invest it in something you do know something about. President Young used to tell the farmers in his day, and it is just as good counsel for us today as it was in Brother Brigham's time, "You tend to your farms, and let the mines alone." Why did he give this advice? Because, as he stated, you are farmers, and you are not miners. Mining is all right; it is a distinct and necessary business and a very good one, but as you are not miners but farmers and carpenters and builders and whatever vocation you have, therefore it is the best counsel that the shoemaker should stick to his last.

Now, my brethren and sisters, if you have a little surplus, instead of investing it in things that you don't and cannot know anything about, these "get-rich-quick" schemes, let me advise you to invest in one acre or two of land that you do know something about; fix up the home; make your wife and family more comfortable; provide for them better; not to excess in dress or in luxury, but make good and comfortable provision for them. Add to your little herd of cows—you know something more about that—and what you get, let it be of the best kind of stock. If you are in the sheep business, get the best sheep that can be produced; if you are dairying, strive for the best cattle, and the

best results. Try to make what you produce a little better than anybody else. We ought to be able to make the land produce much more than it does.

I believe that our Agricultural College, under the direction of Dr. Widtsoe, now under the direction of Dr. Peterson, has done a great deal in showing us that we can make one acre of land produce as much as two or three have been producing. A man who makes ten acres of land sustain twenty people, where it only sustained ten before, is a public benefactor; he has done something; he has accomplished results; he is somebody in the community, and I take my hat off to that kind of a man.

Bishop David A. Smith and his brothers have a dairy herd, and they are proving to us that one cow will produce as much butter fat, and bring better results in the way of food products, than two or three cows of the ordinary kind would do, and there are others engaged in the same line of industry that are teaching us the same lesson. They are taking the forage produced on one acre of land and by putting it in a silo and making ensilage of it, and by properly and scientifically feeding, they have proven that they can get better results with one cow than you could from two or three cows in the old way of doing things. Now, all this is good. An acre of good land properly tilled can be made to produce \$100 every year; that is 10 per cent of the valuation of \$1,000. You can make such land worth \$1,000 an acre just as well as not.

Let me advise you in another point. Do not sell all the wheat you have, but keep enough for your local demands. It is good to have enough wheat on hand for bread, so that we will not be obliged to call on some other country to feed our own people. I know when I went on a mission, forty years ago—it will be forty years next April since I went with President Smith to Europe—that I provided a bin full of wheat for my wife and two children before I left. In those days we used to make it a point to have a year's bread-stuff on hand. That was President Young's counsel, and it is mighty good counsel today. It will not be amiss to keep a little of your wheat at home and not sell it all. So be wise in these temporal things. They are small but we need to lay them well to heart. Don't send everything out of the country.

The other day we had a call at the sugar company's office for 150 carloads of sugar to feed the troops in Italy. The Italian government called for that amount, at one time, and so the products go, and so the gold comes back, and many of us think this is going to continue, and we will all pay our debts some other day. Pay them now. There is no time in the world for paying debts like right now; do it at once and don't put it off.

For the war will be over some of these fine days and prices will go tumbling.

Let me remind you also to pay your debts and obligations to the Lord. We owe him something, and we don't settle these obligations, many of us, quite as strictly as we should. I know we are a mighty good people, the best in the world, good bishops, good presidents, good, faithful workers, good sisters in the Relief Societies, and in the other organizations. No better class of men and women in all the world than they. None any purer or more virtuous, or more honorable, or more desirous of doing good, or more desirous of helping their neighbors, of blessing and being blessed, than these same Latter-day Saints. Let us then remember the Lord with our tithes and offerings and not be niggardly about it.

Stand By

S. O. S.

Sinking—slowly listing
 Leeward to the wave,
 Our latitude consisting
 Of a hope beyond the grave;
 Our longitude—we're sailing
 The horizon of Life's Sea,
 Our engines they are failing
 But we'll make Eternity.
 Vessel sinking—vessel sinking!
 Heed the signal—hear the cry,
 Youth of Zion, youth of Zion,
 Stand by, stand by.

S. O. S.

Passing—slowly passing,
 Aged vessels in God's work,
 Evil waiting—evil massing
 'Neath the tossing waters lurk,
 Ever vieing—ever flying
 Through the battle-torn air,
 Ever crying—ever crying,
 Youth of Israel, prepare!
 Vessel sinking—vessel sinking!
 Heed the signal—hear the cry,
 Youth of Zion, youth of Zion,
 Stand by, stand by.

Ogden, Utah

S. O. S.

Steaming—ever sailing
 Are the convoys of our God,
 Hailing—ever hailing us
 To grasp the "Iron Rod,"
 Men are falling—God is calling,
 Every "Life-boat" we command,
 Every seaman—every sailor
 By the davits he must stand!
 Vessel sinking—vessel sinking!
 Heed the signal—hear the cry,
 Youth of Zion, youth of Zion,
 Stand by, stand by.

S. O. S.

Saying—ever saying,
 Priceless salvage on the way,
 Rowing—ever waiving
 At the oars of every day;
 Praying, ever praying
 By the mountains of our choice;
 Saying—ever saying,
 With the spirit-whispered voice:
 "We are coming—we are coming!"
 Hear our signal—hear our cry,
 Youth of Zion, youth of Zion,
 We are standing by!"

Ralph Dewey Smun

Vicarious Work for the Dead

By Theodore E. Curtis

Many longtime hidden truths touching the salvation of mankind have been brought, once more, within range of the spiritual vision, by the light of modern revelation. Prominent among these is the principle of vicarious work for the dead. If the laws which God has revealed for the salvation of his children are paramount, this question is of vital importance, because it touches a vast majority of the human family who have died without a knowledge of the gospel of Christ.

Taking the Bible as a standard of appeal, a controversy about the initiatory steps to be taken in the direction of our Father's Kingdom would find an end in the New Testament. On the day of Pentecost, the apostles were preaching the gospel of the Redeemer, when the multitude—pricked in their hearts, asked this question: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter stood forth in the power and authority of the priesthood and replied, "*Repent*, and be *baptized* every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the *gift of the Holy Ghost*." Peter did not call attention to *faith*, on that occasion, for it was already manifest in the attitude of the people.

Accordingly, faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, are among the fundamental principles of the gospel of our Lord. Are they essential to salvation? Let us enquire. There is no difficulty about faith being an essential to the acceptance of things divine. Faith is the spiritual eye of the soul. An analysis of repentance will reveal the truth that the process of moral cleansing cannot be developed without the operation of this principle. The logic of these principles as means to the ends they are supposed to reach may be worked out in the process of reason. But what of baptism? It is different. Reason will not tell us why immersion will cleanse the soul of its iniquity. Faith is higher than reason, and if we would advance to the ordinance of baptism, and higher themes, we must walk by faith,—faith that the Christ is the manifestation of God in the flesh, and that his utterances are based upon principles of eternal truth. It is fortunate, if not providential, that an account of the interview between our Lord and Nicodemus has been preserved. Its value

to the world is in the emphasis laid upon the doctrine of baptism as an essential to salvation. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." That should settle it, once and for all. But now a tremendous question presents itself: What of our friends and kindred who have passed into the spirit world without this cleansing ordinance? The wonder grows as the vision deepens, what of the great majority of the human race who have died without the saving principles and ordinances of the gospel? Peter informs us that during the interval between the death and the resurrection of our Lord, he entered the spirit world where he preached the gospel to the spirits in prison. God would not offer his children something they could not accept and magnify. A disembodied spirit may exercise the principles of faith and repentance. These are involved in the action of the mind. But we are face to face, once more, with a difficulty about baptism. The spirit and body united compose the soul of man. The spirit is but part of the soul. The law of baptism requires the immersion of the soul. The baptism of the spirit, if such a thing were possible, would not reach this end. So, finally, the work which must be done to complete salvation, but cannot be accomplished in the world of spirits, may be performed by proxy here in the temples of the Lord. That this is the solution to the problem may be confirmed by a reference to Paul: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?"

Enough has been said to establish the fact that the ordinances of the gospel are essential to salvation; and that they may be performed vicariously for those who died without a knowledge of the laws of God.

Salvation for the dead is a question which should engage the attention of all Latter-day Saints because it involves the souls of men, than which there is nothing more precious in the sight of God. If we were dependent upon the information which we glean from the Bible, with reference to this matter, we could not proceed with the work. But when the sun of the new dispensation arose into the dawn, shedding its glorious light upon the world, the truth was again manifest, and men were empowered and commissioned to continue the work. All my readers are familiar with the beautiful story of the first vision, when, after a lapse of darkened centuries, the heavens were again opened, and the first power of the new dispensation was conferred upon the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Upon that occasion Joseph was corrected in his attitude towards the creed of the nations, and was instructed to prepare for the great work which God was about to inaugurate. Then

the Prophet was left to reflect upon the things which he had seen and heard, and when a period of more than three years had elapsed, another glorious vision burst upon him. This time he was lying upon his bed. It was on the night of the 21st of September, 1823. While he was engaged in prayer, a glorious light filled the room, in the midst of which stood a heavenly messenger who announced himself as Moroni. He was the custodian of the golden plates upon which was inscribed the sacred history of the Nephite nation. These plates were valuable beyond price, because they contained the gospel in its fulness and purity as revealed to that ancient people.

By the power of God, Joseph beheld in vision the hill Cumorah and the very spot where, fourteen hundred years before, this glorious personage, while yet in the flesh, had hidden the plates. During this vision Moroni told Joseph many important things pertaining to the work of the latter days. He quoted a number of passages from both the Old and the New Testaments, and emphasized certain scriptures in Malachi, touching the matter of welding together, by the power of the priesthood, the links in the great ancestral chains: "Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."

This prophecy was gloriously fulfilled in the Kirtland Temple, April 3, 1836, when our Savior, with Moses, Elias and Elijah, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. In speaking of the visitation of Elijah, the Prophet said:

"After this vision had closed, another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven, without tasting death, stood before us and said: Behold the time is fully come which was spoken by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are committed unto your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors."

Since the reception of that authority, the spirit and power of Elijah has wrought miracles in the hearts of men, both in and out of the Church. Without any definite reason, the children of the Gentiles, all over the civilized world, have formed genealogical societies, founded vast libraries where tens of thousands of vital records have been assembled. The interest is especially keen in America and Great Britain, and extends, in a lesser degree, to Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and through

the Scandinavian countries. It is quite natural that the spirit of Elijah should move in the hearts of these peoples, because they are rich with the blood of Israel.

So thorough has been genealogical research in some localities, that entire volumes have been compiled with a single pedigree. A number of such books have been secured and placed in our own Church library, of the Utah Genealogical Society. Recently one of our bishops showed me a volume of several hundred pages containing a pedigree of his ancestors, reaching back through a dozen generations. His relatives, in the East, non-members of the Church, had been kind enough to place it in his hands, and in so doing had unwittingly fixed upon him a responsibility that would take the rest of his natural life to discharge.

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the purpose has been more fixed, and the object, of course, more definite. In November, 1894, the Genealogical Society of Utah was organized, and a document prepared over the signatures of a number of our leading brethren, the object of which was to point the purpose of the organization, the chief functions of which were to compile and maintain a library, and to assist the Saints in genealogical research. The headquarters of this organization is at the Historian's office in Salt Lake City. The accommodations at this old home are rather meager, owing to the increasing membership. But I am informed that the organization is soon to occupy one of the commodious floors of the new and elegant Church Administration Building, where its accommodations will be more fitting, and its growth unhampered.

Membership in this Society, which may be acquired for a small sum, gives one access to the thousands of volumes assembled in its library.

You will pardon me for reference to my personal experience, as a member of this organization: A friend suggested that I might spend part of my noon hour each day searching for names of my dead ancestors. I followed his suggestion, took out a membership in the Society, and in a few months had accumulated nearly twenty-five hundred names. More than a thousand of these have been baptized for, by proxy, in the temple, and quite a number have received endowments. During this short period I saw numbers of long pedigrees, as complete as research could make them, of families who have representatives here in the Church, and I doubt not that nearly all my readers could find in that splendid library names of their dead for whom they might officiate in the house of the Lord.

This institution, however, is not the only monument that emphasizes the faith and integrity of God's chosen people.

Under circumstances which often would have been almost unendurable, but for the light of heaven, the Saints have reared six magnificent temples, and have two more under construction. The Kirtland temple was dedicated in 1836. The temple of Nauvoo, ten years later. You know the history, and we have now no occasion for tears, so we will pass it by. But when, out of the flames and over the grave-strewn desert, that little handful of Saints reached these prophetic hills they were not defeated in purpose. The embers of love, faith, and testimony had been kindled into living flame by the fierce winds of their persecution, and their hearts turned more than ever to their dead, for they had been compelled to leave a goodly number behind on the barren waste. It was not long before the corner stones of our four temples, here in the valleys of the setting sun, were placed, and the structures climbed skyward to completion. Between the years 1877 and 1893, they were all dedicated,—one at St. George, one at Logan, another in Manti, and the last the great Temple in Salt Lake City. The interest in temple work has increased wonderfully during the past few years. I am told that about four million ordinances have been performed at the fonts and altars of these holy temples. As we think of it we are almost overwhelmed. But we are like the man who stood in the midst of the great Sahara. He picked up a handful of sand at his feet, which, when he examined he found consisted of almost innumerable particles. Then his eye fell across the white, dry waste of the desert; and as the wonder of the vision grew upon him, he realized how insignificant were the few grains that lay in the palm of his hand. The world is a desert, the oases are the gospel dispensations. We have gathered a few grains of sand, but before us reaches the boundless waste. Those who engage in temple work today will be looked upon, by generations that follow, as pioneers in the work of salvation for the dead.

The Prophet Joseph was much concerned about this matter, particularly during the latter part of his life. He urged the Saints many a time and oft, to think seriously about temple work; and he explained that our salvation could not be complete without our ancestors, and that their salvation could not be complete without us. He said that we had but little time in which to accomplish the work. Temple building is in its infancy. We all look forth to the time when the great temple at Independence will be erected. That time is doubtless not far distant. And, of course, we all hope to be worthy to participate in the ordinances of that holy house where the glory of God will be abundantly manifest to the Saints of the Most High.

Forest Dale, Utah

In the World of Spirits

The Story of a Conversion

By J. M. Sjodahl, Assistant Editor "Millennial Star"

I

Herr Pettersson was a prominent citizen of a small, provincial city in the southern part of Sweden, more than fifty years ago. He was among the very respected few who paid enough taxes to be entitled to vote at municipal elections, and he could, consequently, discuss politics with some authority, though he knew a great deal less about the ship of state than about the ships in the harbor. Being a sail-maker by trade, he knew all about the rigging of a vessel, from the simple outfit of a fishing boat to that of a proud frigate, and he, naturally, concluded that he knew just as much about the jibs and square sails, designed to catch the political wind, but he did not. He was dignified, though, showing in every movement that he was conscious of his importance to the state and the community in which he lived.

He was short of stature, corpulent, and well groomed. He was near-sighted, and looked out upon the world through heavy glasses, with the intensity of one determined not to miss any detail. His spectacles were supported by a short nose, pointing upwards, like a bowsprit, and on the lappels of his coat he always carried a liberal quantity of snuff which had failed to find an entrance to its place of destination, and had, therefore, fallen and settled on his coat; for, he it remembered, at that time respectable citizens carried costly snuff-boxes and, at regular intervals, transferred part of the contents to their nostrils, closing the natural respiratory channels. This was quite *comme il faut* at that time, and, really, no more absurd than the present habit, in which so many indulge, in smoking cigarettes and using the nose for a chimney.

Herr Pettersson was the proud father of a large and interesting family. He had ten children, all of whom, boys and girls alike, had been brought up in the fear of God, and the rod. His wife faithfully assisted him in both methods of education.

For Herr Pettersson was a God-fearing man, in his way. In fact, he was a "Pietist." He claimed to have been "born again" by a hard mental struggle, during which he had felt condemned for his sins, but had shed salty tears of repentance and prayed for forgiveness, until the Lord had assured him that his sins had

been remitted. He was now, therefore, God's own child. He had peace in his soul and knew that whenever the Lord should call him, he would be prepared to enter heaven, where he would don white robes and a crown of gold, and take his place in the string band which consists chiefly, if not exclusively, of harps. Happy in this belief, he frequently held conventicles in his house and preached to his friends and neighbors, who listened to him gladly and came to look up to him as to a little king, a veritable "pillar of society." True, some of them criticized him for not taking an active interest in the labor movement which at that time began to attract attention, and some were shocked when parliament passed the act abolishing the prerogatives of the nobility, and Herr Pettersson showed his dissension by refusing to illuminate his home as a sign of jubilation. But this was soon forgotten, and he continued to hold his position as a leader among the Pietists, none of whom took an interest in the common people. He read his Bible diligently; he prayed and preached, and gave alms, and toiled faithfully; not that he thought he would receive anything by work; he believed in salvation by faith only; but he did all the good he could, because it was a pleasure to him, reward or no reward.

Reading was his regular Sunday work between Church services. He read the Bible, the Prayer Book, Johann Amdt's *True Christianity*, the postils of Luther, and all the rest. The disciples of Ahnan ben David, the so-called Karaim, or readers of the Mosaic faith, in the eighth century, could not have been more devoted to the written word than he was.

II

In the western part of the city there lived an industrious citizen named Carlsson. He was known as sober, reliable, and honest. Nevertheless, many pious souls regarded it as a scandal that he should be permitted to sojourn in their midst. His oldest girl had refused to be confirmed in the established church, to the great consternation of the faithful and the chagrin of the authorized and well-paid pilot of souls. Then, when there was an addition to the family, he refused to have the baby sprinkled in accordance with law and custom. He was fined, but that did not help. Terrible! To have heathens growing up in the very center of Christendom! Then, on one occasion, there was a great religious gathering in the city. Count Goldenstripe was the speaker, and everybody turned out to listen to the celebrated nobleman. Carlsson was there. At the close of the meeting, when everybody was in ecstasy, he had the impudence to ask the following question, "We have heard tonight that those who believe go to heaven when they die; where is the Scripture proof for that assertion?" A shiver went through the audience.

The blasphemy! Then somebody shouted, "Throw the 'Mormon' out!" And there was no further discussion.

Carlsson was a "Mormon."

He was a rope-maker by trade. Herr Pettersson, the sail-maker, patronized him. His work was without flaw. He used the best materials, and was painstaking in every detail. He was reliable. Whenever he promised to have a job done, he kept his word, and his accounts were always correct, but he was a "Mormon." And there could, of course, be no social intercourse between the two families.

Said Mr. Pettersson to Mrs. Pettersson, one day, "It is a pity that that man should be a son of perdition."

"Yes," Mrs. Pettersson sighed, "and that he should drag his entire family down with him!"

"I think I must make an attempt to convert him," said Herr Pettersson. "I must free my conscience."

Mrs. Pettersson said she was pleased that he felt that way.

On Saturday night that week Mrs. Pettersson therefore sent Mrs. Carlsson, with her compliments, a basket containing a fat goose, some cookies and apples for the children, and some other articles of more or less value in a household. This was an excellent preliminary to the missionary effort that was to follow. To say that the gift caused wonder in the Carlsson home is to put it down very mildly. They knew nothing about the coming visit, and did not understand the fine diplomacy intended to prepare the way—the fine Italian hand, as it were, of Mrs. Pettersson. The following Sunday Herr Pettersson strutted off with his Bible under his arm on his missionary excursion.

It would serve no purpose to give a lengthy report of the conversation that took place. Suffice it to say, that Herr Pettersson was cordially received, and that the two gentlemen talked till after midnight. Carlsson bore his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon and the divine calling of Joseph Smith as a prophet of God. Pettersson flew into a rage, as those who are on the wrong side generally do, and declared that his opponent would surely be damned, when he, Pettersson, should sing praises with the followers of the Lamb, for ever and ever.

The two gentlemen separated, each praying God to snatch the other as a brand out of the fire.

III

We have already said that Herr Pettersson was a constant reader. He was not much of a student, only a reader. And there is a great deal of difference—about the same as between sorting peaches and eating them. The reader goes over the words and sentences mechanically. The student grasps the underlying meaning of the written word and makes it part of his own

thought. To study is exquisite pleasure; to read is wearisome labor. Herr Pettersson at this time, was a reader.

One day he read the familiar story of Lazarus and Dives (Luke 16:19-31). He knew it well.

Generally the thought of hell predominated in his mind when he perused this incomparable narrative; he fancied he saw Dives sizzling in flames, and then he reverently thanked his Maker that he, himself, was not a "vessel of wrath." It was, of course, impossible that he, a highly respectable citizen, an immaculate church member, and a pillar of society, should come near enough to the shore of the fiery lake to even hear the moanings of the lost, but it was edifying to read the story now and then as a warning. This time, however, it was not hell that was photographed on his mind's eye, but Paradise.

Paradise to him was heaven, the place where God, angels, and the few mortals who are saved, dwell. And there, in his mind's eye, he saw Lazarus in "the bosom" of Abraham. This puzzled him. Why did not Lazarus stand before the throne and play a harp? Why was he in Abraham's "bosom"? Did the Father of the Faithful hold him on his lap? If so, did he hold Lazarus alone, or were there others who were similarly honored, and, anyhow, how many grown-up persons could he hold at one time?

Such questions, contrary to anything he had experienced before, forced themselves upon our dignified friend, at this time, and, in trying to find the correct answers, he spilt more than the usual quantity of highly scented snuff on his heaving bosom. But it was all in vain. He found no escape from the difficulties.

Then he began to wonder if at death he, too, should be invited to sit in the lap of Abraham, or if that was a privilege reserved only for the good Hebrews, if there were any, something very doubtful, he thought. He could hardly hope to be honored with a place in the bosom of Abraham, he said to himself, but perhaps the man of God, Luther, or even the Apostle Paul, might notice him, for they were great on faith, and was not he, himself, saved by faith alone?

The thought grew upon him. It took possession of him.

IV

The evening shadows fell rapidly and heavy. It had been a stormy autumn day, and the wind increased in strength as night drew near. The rain fell in torrents, and the old house trembled on its foundations.

Herr Pettersson retired but could not sleep. He tossed from side to side, without finding the comfort he sought. He turned to the wall, but it seemed to recede from him, and he was gazing, he thought, into a dark expanse to which he could see

no boundary. He turned on his back, only to find the ceiling repeat the performance of the wall. And then the wind moaned and whistled chromatic scales in every key, in the tree-tops and among the chimneys.

How long our friend was kept on the rack by his thoughts, in this manner, he knew not. Finally, however, sleep overpowered him.

And then he had a dream, which became the turning point of life. He believed in dreams, and therefore the Lord could speak to him in that language. It was one of those dreams that seem to be realities.

He died.

Immediately he passed the border line. There he was received by kind messengers, who covered his nakedness and took him to the home of his ancestors, where he met his parents and grandparents, and other near relatives and some friends, who had assembled in his honor. They all rejoiced exceedingly. He was provided with new clothes. Delicious fruit was set before him. He learned to understand the language spoken and to communicate his thoughts. He was gradually taught many things necessary in the great Beyond of which we in Mortality can have no conception. Then he was permitted to travel, "to see the world," as we should say. His guardian angel accompanied him, as his guide.

To Herr Pettersson the world of spirits resembled the material world. There were many countries, or "kingdoms." There were cities and villages, lakes and rivers, fields and gardens, houses and mansions, temples and palaces, flowers and animals of great beauty and variety. The people were busy. Some were building, some were planting, some harvesting. Many were preaching on street corners and in assembly halls, and they all had large congregations.

"Who are they?" Herr Pettersson asked.

"They," his guide answered, "belong to the Church of the Firstborn, and they have been sent here to be ministering spirits to those who shall yet become heirs of salvation."

"I am afraid," stammered Herr Pettersson, "that I do not comprehend you. Are we not in heaven? How can the word of salvation be preached here?"

"No, brother!" the guide replied, "we are not in what mortals call 'heaven.' This is Hades."

"What, hell!" Pettersson exclaimed, amazed and alarmed.

"Yes, hell," the guide affirmed. "We are in the *Sheol*, or *Hades*, of the ancients; that is, in the world of spirits."

During this conversation the travelers had approached a large assembly who had been listening to a discourse. The speaker had just finished when they stopped. But before the

crowd had begun to disperse a personage in the audience ascended the diminutive platform and began to speak. Said he:

"Brothers and Sisters! We have heard an earnest and eloquent appeal in behalf of Prince Emmanuel for volunteers for his service, and promises of everlasting rewards. But consider the propositions made. We are asked to repent and give up almost everything that we like to do, and to 'crucify' our desires. My master offers you exaltation in his kingdom without any previous sacrifice. Join his forces, and we will overthrow Prince Emmanuel and his kingdom, and all his threats will become as nothing.

"You say you like to pray. Very well! My master has composed a set of prayers which you can read every day. They are pretty and appropriate. You need not think while you read them. You can count them off on a string.

"The whole system of voluntary service is wrong. Children are *compelled* to do right. Men and women are but grown-up children. My master knows this. And he proposes to compel all to attend worship and do right and thus bring about universal salvation without fail. Join my master's forces, the glorious army of Lucifer, the Son of the Morning."

A few in the congregation acted on this appeal and followed Lucifer's messenger.

"Where are they going?" asked Pettersson.

"He takes them," the guide answered, "to the region of the Spirit World, at present occupied by the devil and his subjects, where they are being trained for the final conflict between him and the Son of God, and also for missionary work among the children of men in mortality. Some of them are trained in journalism; some in statesmanship. Some are studying theology and some are made proficient in all the arts and sciences of warfare."

Herr Pettersson shuddered.

"All," the guide continued, "are being carefully trained in oratory—the devil's oratory."

"What kind of oratory is that?" Herr Pettersson asked.

"That," the guide said, "is a very difficult art but one which is highly esteemed in the kingdom of Lucifer. He is the father of it. In its simplest form it is a denial of facts and nothing more. Even a child can master that part of it. In a higher stage of the art of the devil's orator has the ability of proving that black is white and white is black; that sin is virtue and virtue sin, and that truth is lie and lie truth. This is considered a great and useful accomplishment in the service of Lucifer, but the doctor degree is given only to those who can prove, by some sort of logical conjuror's trick, that their wicked deeds and follies were not committed by them, but by those who

caught them in the very act. Lately, Lucifer has obtained a large contingent of mortals, who had made a specialty of all kinds of lying before crossing the River into this world."

"What will become of them?" asked Herr Pettersson.

"Unless they repent and are redeemed by Emmanuel, they will remain with the devil to the last," was the solemn reply of the guide. "They will then perish with him, as 'sons of perdition,' in the eternal fire, but 'the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows.'"

Our travelers now proceeded on their journey. Presently they came to a park in which there were all kinds of beautiful trees, bearing inviting fruit; also flowers that delighted the eye and filled the air with fragrance. There were animals of all kinds. Lions and tigers played gracefully, and lambs gamboled in an exuberance of joy. Bees hummed and gorgeously arrayed butterflies flitted from flower to flower.

"This is Paradise," the guide said.

"Paradise?" Pettersson repeated.

"Yes, Paradise. You see," the guide explained, "this is the pattern of the Garden which God planted in the land of Eden. Adam knew this park well."

Herr Pettersson and his guide entered the enclosure. No one prevented them, though there were guards at the entrance and at other places. There were a great many people there. Some seemed to be quite at home. They picked fruit and flowers. They entered the pavilions and reclined on the seats. Servants waited on them, and the guards saluted them when they passed. "These," the guide said, "belong to the Church of the First Born. They are of the King's household and invited guests." Others were only sightseers, like our friend and his guide.

Herr Pettersson regarded the guests of the King with intense interest. They all shone with a peculiar brilliancy. They seemed to be transparent, so that their minds were in full view. Their thoughts could be read. And they were pure through and through. There was no "guile" in them. Their garments, as their flowing locks, were white as snow. Our wanderer eagerly looked for some familiar face among them, but in vain. Was not the Rev. Mr. Stonebluff, who died a few years ago, among the guests in Paradise? Or Mr. Hoffman, the revivalist?

In answer to these questions, the guide shook his head and said, "I am afraid not; there are very few clergymen and revivalists in Paradise. There are many in the Prison."

"Prison!" Mr. Pettersson exclaimed, "is there a prison, too?"

"There is," the guide said. "It is not exactly what mortals call a 'prison.' It is a region of the spirit world in which

many are held for 'safe-keeping,' until the day of judgment. They are deprived of the privilege of associating with other spirits and cannot influence them to disobedience. They are left to deplore the loss of many opportunities, and in that frame of mind repentance is exceedingly difficult, though the gospel is being preached to them."

While the guide explained the nature of the "prison," Mr. Pettersson's attention was attracted to a spirit in white robes, whose features appeared familiar to him. He strained his eyes, till they seemed to protrude from their sockets. "Is it possible? It cannot be. But it is!" The thoughts chased one another through his mind. "It is." Yes, it was an older brother of Mr. Carlsson.

This brother had died a few years ago in poverty. He was a "Mormon" and had been ostracised on earth. And here he was draped in white, one of the King's guests, associating with the King's household!

The greeting was cordial on both sides. But Carlsson had an appointment. He was on his way to the banquet hall, where he was to attend a function in honor of Prince Emmanuel. Later there was to be a meeting in the Palm Grove, and Mr. Carlsson hoped to see Mr. Pettersson and his guide there.

They attended.

There was a large concourse seated under the majestic trees whose soft shadows gave the impression of peace and rest. On the platform there were a band and a choir, and when the pure voices blended with the sounds of reeds and strings, of horns and drums and cymbals, in praise of Him who lives forever, the effect was as that of "many waters." Again and again the volume of sound rose in sweet harmony, "Alleluia! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and his wife has made herself ready."

Then a majestic form arose. He spoke amid deep silence. His features cannot be described, but they were indelibly impressed upon Herr Pattersson's mind. His voice was clear and musical; his gestures natural and simple. It was evident that he was a commanding figure in the world of spirits.

And his sermon!

He spoke of the Church in the desert, outlining the trials it had endured since the exodus from Nauvoo.

This was incomprehensible to Herr Pettersson, who had never heard of Nauvoo.

He went on to speak of the trials yet to come in the Valleys of the Mountains. But, he added, the Church will be triumphant and the gospel of the Redeemer will fill the world. He spoke about the great Council presided over by the Ancient of

Days, on which occasion power and dominion were conferred upon the Son of Man, and pointed out that the decrees of that Council were about to be executed.

Then he spoke about the Millennium. That, he said, will be the reign of peace, when temples will dot the surface of the Earth, in which representative work will be performed, until every spirit in the spirit world shall have an opportunity to enter into some degree of glory.

Herr Pettersson did not understand a word. It is not easy in the spirit world to grasp new truths.

The speaker then went on to explain different degrees of glory. There are, he said, in the world some who have received the testimony of Jesus, believed and been baptized and received the gift of the Holy Ghost; they have kept faith and been valiant to the last. They belong to the Church of the Firstborn; they are Priests and Kings, having received of God's glory; they are gods and the sons of God, and they are admitted to the presence of the Eternal Father, and his Son, and the Holy Spirit. They shall come forth in the resurrection of the just with celestial bodies, and shall reign with Christ on earth over his people. They shall mingle with angels and the Church of Enoch and the Firstborn, and enjoy celestial glory.

But, he continued, there are many who die in ignorance of the gospel, and others who hear it but reject it until they hear it again in the world of spirits. Among them are honorable men, who are blinded by prejudices. When they receive the gospel, they are in a position to receive terrestrial bodies and to enter into the presence of the Son, but not to receive the fulness of the Father.

Then, he said, there are a great many who do not receive the gospel on earth, nor the testimony of Jesus in the world of spirits, and yet do not deny the Holy Spirit. Many of them belong to apostate churches; some are liars, and sorcerers, and sinners against the laws of chastity. They, consequently, gather in the kingdom of the devil and remain there until the second resurrection, when they receive a telestial glory. They are in touch with the Holy Spirit, for they have not denied him, "but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come, worlds without end." And yet, their glory surpasses all understanding. Each one shall receive, according to his works, "his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared," and there "they shall be servants of the Most High." And their number is "as the stars in the firmament in heaven, or as the sand on the seashore."

He closed his discourse.

And the choir and the congregation sang, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! The heavens and the earth are full of thy glory."

After the meeting, Carlsson had a long talk with Herr Pettersson, but the latter did not seem able to grasp the truths unfolded to him.

Finally he asked, "Who was the speaker? To which the reply came, "Joseph Smith, the great Prophet of the Last Dispensation."

V

"Pettersson! Pettersson! Wake up! It is long past breakfast time!"

It was Mrs. Pettersson's voice. She could not understand why he slept so long. Nothing like it had happened before during their married life. "Wake up!" she called again.

Pettersson opened his eyes. "Did you say Joseph Smith?" he asked.

"No, I said Pettersson," she answered. "Who are you talking about?"

Pettersson, still only partly awake, saw his wife. "Are you here, too?" was his bewildered question.

"Of course I am," Mrs. Pettersson replied; "where should I be, if not here?"

"When did you die?" he asked next.

"When did I die?" Mrs. Pettersson screamed. "I believe he is out of his mind."

Pettersson sat up. There was no sign of Paradise. He grasped his head with both hands. The children now came into the room. They saw their mother crying and joined her, though not knowing why. "Am I not dead?" Herr Pettersson asked. "Is this not *Sheol*?"

"No, dear!" Mrs. Pettersson assured him. You are alive and in your own home, and we are all alive. Do you not know your wife and children?" she cried bitterly.

Herr Pettersson was fully awake by this time, and began to realize that he had just returned from Dreamland. He soon succeeded in reassuring his family and restoring calm and happiness.

"Well, well!" he mused, "what a wonderful existence is ours! We live and dream and dream and live, and the question is, Which is the more real? The life we dream by day, or the dream we live by night?"

Herr Pettersson was a changed man from that night. He now fully realized that he knew absolutely nothing of God's plan of salvation. He was humble and willing to learn. And he knew where to go for information. He hastened to the home of the rope-maker, the "Mormon," whose testimony he had despised but which had, nevertheless taken hold of his soul and given to his existence a new meaning. He heard again of

faith, repentance, baptism, the laying on of hands, the gathering of the Saints, the Millennial reign, judgment, and the glory of the Hereafter. And he drank in every word eagerly. He and his wife and the older children were baptized, and there was exceeding joy in that home. As he came up out of the water of baptism, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Liverpool, England

Who Wants John Barleycorn?

John Barleycorn seems to be an unwelcome citizen these days; in fact, he is about to lose his citizenship. If the present trend of public opinion continues, he will, within a decade, be a "man without a country."

Russia has banished him; Iceland has outlawed him; Germany, France and England have driven him into a corner and curtailed his liberties; Norway, Sweden and Switzerland have enslaved him; Canada has warned him that his days are numbered, and the United States is inflicting upon him the horrible death of strangulation.

The railroads have kicked him off the track; the steamboats have cuffed him into the sea; the mills and factories have declared a "lockout" against him; the employers of labor won't hire him; the medical world has recently cut off his strong right arm; science has disinherited him; the social set has ostracized him; the commercial club has tabooed him; the fraternal organizations have black-balled him; the church has excommunicated him; and the Government is seeking a divorce from him.

Children shun him; the girls refuse to marry him; the women detest him, and the men are ashamed of him.

Poor old John Barleycorn, once so popular but now so friendless!

But it is your own fault, John, for you have broken laws, ignored ordinances, murdered men, ravished women, starved children, robbed homes, stolen money, crushed hearts, wrung tears, debauched character, ruined aspirations, starved ambition, sneered at honor, polluted virtue, destroyed skill, lowered wages, enslaved toilers, encouraged accidents, incited riots, debased governments, dethroned rulers, degenerated races and mocked at God.—*Glenwood (Colorado) Post*, quoted in *The Native American*.

Leave no Loopholes

By George W. Middleton, M. D.

I believe in prohibition, because I am convinced that alcohol is a poison to the human body, more insidious and far-reaching than any other poison known to the world of chemistry.

Its appalling effects are manifest, not only in the physical, mental and moral disintegration entailed upon the drunkard, but in the epilepsy, insanity, and race extinction handed on to the generations forward.

Hereditary disease means cell-poisoning somewhere along the ancestral line. We are all familiar with the diseases which seem to run in families. We are wont to explain them by some mysterious, intangible, biological process which falls like a blight from some unknown source upon certain selected racial strains, and gives no clue to its origin. This is entirely erroneous. When an individual exposes himself to the inclemencies of the weather, and the other conditions which develop rheumatic poisoning in his system, a real cellular change is produced by that poison in the synovial membranes of his joints, and the lining membrane of his heart, and the other tissues susceptible to that poison. It is this real cellular change which he transmits to his offspring, and not some mysterious, unexplained, biological influence. It is no wonder, then, that family predisposition to rheumatism should follow such changes in the vital tissues.

The poison alcohol has an affinity for the highest, most specially organized type of the human tissue, the brain cells. When used habitually it imbibes the water from the brain and causes it to shrink in size and degenerate in quality. This is the reason of the mental and moral decay so manifest in the life of the drunkard. If the result of his vice ended with him, we might regard it as a just retribution for his sins, but when we see degenerated brain cells handed down to the generations forward, entailing as they do epilepsy, insanity and moral turpitude, we may well ask ourselves why individuals should be permitted, without challenge, to deteriorate the race.

The habitual drinker in each debauch is issuing checks against the mentality and morality of the next generation. I think I saw away down in the ruins of Pompeii the explanation of the instability of character manifest everywhere in the Latin

racess, but more apparent to us in the volatile mentality of the Latin American. About every tenth house in Pompeii was a wine shop, and the Roman populace then, as their modern descendants, used wine as a daily beverage. The accumulated deterioration of brain cells which has resulted from centuries of poisoning shows itself in the lack of moral restraint and mental stability so manifest in these southern races.

I once visited a great asylum in Chatham, England, where there were confined eight or nine hundred insane people. There was every phase and degree of the terrible mental malady covered by the generic term insanity; the wild maniac, shrieking and butting his head against the wall, the sullen melancholiac, brooding in mental pain, and seeking continually for an opportunity to destroy himself. When we came forth from these chambers of horrors, I said to the medical director: Now what is the cause of this, why are all these people insane? And his answer was, "Directly and indirectly more than fifty per cent of it is due to alcohol." This insidious poison saps out the vitality of brain cells and leaves them with a perverted function. This perversion often dethrones reason, and manifests itself in the next generation forward, in terms of epilepsy, insanity, pauperism, and prostitution. Adami showed, in working with guinea pigs, that the progeny of those poisoned with alcohol were blasted and smitten with decay, almost without exception. If all people were alcoholics, the race would soon become extinct. Fortunately, nature has decreed that the stock poisoned and blasted with alcohol will soon run itself out and cease to produce its kind. Thank God for that.

After twenty-two years of experience with all kinds of human ailments and their treatment, I am willing to combat without mercy the fallacy that alcohol is necessary as a medicine. So far from being a specific for anything, it is always a poison. When stimulation is necessary there are other stimulants with better effects and without the degenerating, habit-forming properties of this vicious stuff.

I once heard a revival preacher, in England, characterize alcohol as the devil in solution, and I thought he was not far wide of the mark. Is it not queer that people should elect to poison themselves with this soul-destroying beverage, when the effects of it are so manifest! The agitation for prohibition, begun down in the south, where the people appreciate that the black man, always a menace to society, becomes a fiend when he adds alcoholic poisoning to his degenerate instinct. Out of self defense against the Negro, the people of the south adopted prohibition, and the wisdom of their measures is gradually dawning upon the rest of our great country.

Utah, although traditionally committed to the cause of pro-

hibition, has been slow to take up the fight, but I am convinced that she is aroused thoroughly, and will go forth to the conflict without mercy and without quarter for offenders. If we are to have effectual prohibition, we must deal with the liquor traffic radically, and leave no loopholes whereby the wily adversary of men's souls can get access to our communities. Let us march shoulder to shoulder to the fight for the cause of righteousness, for the cause of humanity, for the cause of God.

Salt Lake City

The Right Way

Open your eyes wide, boys;
 See all that is good to see;
 Let the vision fill your souls, boys,
 'Tis the way of the brave and free;
 But—look only to the right, boys,
 Look to the right always.

Quickly cover the miles, boys,
 Of progress' toilsome way;
 Let ambition have no rim, boys,
 Your journey be bright and gay.
 But—turn only to the right, boys,
 Turn to the right always.

Open your souls wide, boys,
 Sow all that is good to sow;
 Let what's within come out, boys,
 'Tis the only way to grow.
 But—speak only for the right, boys,
 Speak for the right always.

Grapple with the world's work, boys,
 Do all that is good to do;
 Let your hands be active, boys,
 'Tis the way the useful do.
 But—do only what is right, boys,
 Do what is right, always.

The right is the only way, boys.
 The only way to see;
 The only way to speak, boys,
 The only way to be.

Fillmore, Utah

J. F. Day

Doing it Without Pressure

By Bishop Edwin F. Parry

Much has been said and written, of late, respecting prohibition and the saloon evil. The writer has most heartily endorsed the arguments set forth in favor of a "dry" state, and against the liquor traffic. It is humiliating, however, to admit that there is any necessity for a prohibition law to restrain mature Latter-day Saints from using intoxicants. We would prefer to believe that the agitation in favor of prohibition is especially for the benefit of very young people and people not of our faith. Our religion teaches us to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors as well as from the use of other things that are harmful. When we accept the doctrines of the gospel we are expected to accept and abide by the teaching given in the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom which, as the revelation itself states, is adapted to the capacity of the "weakest of all Saints."

I repeat, it is embarrassing to think that we are to be compelled by the law of the state to observe a requirement of our religion. For many years the Latter-day Saints have contended for the constitutional guarantee that the state or nation has no right to interfere with one's religion; and now, must we have a law enforcing us to live up to some of our religious professions?

Is it possible that we have more respect for human than for divine law? God has set a prohibitory law against the use of intoxicants, and the penalty of disobeying his law—the law of nature—is far more severe than any that man might impose; and yet, too many of us disregard the law, though we do not escape the punishment. Will we give better heed to the legislative enactments?

Do not get the idea that I am opposed to prohibition, or that I have no faith in its beneficial results. I merely give passing mention of this inconsistent attitude that the weaknesses of humanity place us in. I fully believe that the abolishment of the liquor traffic will do much good in removing the temptation from the weak who are addicted to the liquor habit, and will prevent many from forming the habit; and it cannot fail to bring financial benefit to legitimate business. But prohibition for Latter-day Saints, is only a makeshift. It does not strengthen character, nor fortify one against temptations. It serves only as a crutch to one with weak limbs. It helps to hold him up while

he, by his own exertions, is developing strength to stand alone. Then, again, prohibition is not broad enough in its scope. It only forbids the manufacture and use of alcoholic liquors. It does not prevent the use of tobacco and the so-called soft drinks that are doped with injurious drugs. The use of these things is also baneful. There are other evils that tempt the weak and the unwary which prohibition will not affect.

I would appeal to the young men of Zion to cultivate strong will-power, and learn to resist temptations to evil of all kinds. Everyone will have to meet temptations in this life, and it is never too early to learn to resist them. Normal beings have the inherent power to resist evil, if they will exercise that power and develop it. Young man, be master of yourself, and do not be swayed by every whim and fancy. Evils are not attractive when they first present themselves. Especially is this so of things forbidden in the Word of Wisdom. The appetite for tobacco or liquor has to be cultivated by repeated and painful efforts. If these articles are left alone from the first, they can have no influence over one. To the youth of Zion, with the teachings they receive, or ought to receive, the articles forbidden in the Word of Wisdom should offer no temptation whatever. They are repulsive to the taste of those whose appetites are not perverted. Then why should anyone trifle with them, and learn to overcome his natural dislike for things that are vile and ruinous to his manhood?

When a man undertakes to build a house, he plans it carefully and then follows the plans. No matter what others may suggest, he will not be interfered with in carrying out the specifications; unless, perchance, someone offers improvements that might be advantageous for him to adopt. It would be very foolish for one to attempt to build a beautiful structure without a plan to guide him; and it would be equally foolish, after making his plans, to permit them to be interfered with by any and every one who might come along with a thoughtless proposition to change them. Every young man has his own character to build, and early in life he should plan, with the assistance of wise parents or friends, the most perfect structure possible, and then proceed to build accordingly. He should consider it an interference with his rights and privileges for anyone to attempt to lead him from his laudable purpose; and whenever such attempt is made is the time for the young man to show the stubbornness of his nature and assert his manhood.

In conclusion, I would say to those who have never tasted the things forbidden in the Word of Wisdom, continue to leave them alone, and they will never become tempting to you. To those who have tasted them or who have partially formed the habit of using them, I would say, cease their use at once. Do

not deceive yourselves by the thought that you can quit any time. You may feel assured that such is possible today, but there will come a time when the habit will have such a hold upon you that quitting will be next to impossible. Do not wait till the coming prohibitory law is enacted by the state. Manifest your strength of character by abstaining from all evil habits without the pressure of external force. Be master of yourself and thereby regain your self-respect. Why not, like the state is about to do, enact a prohibition law for yourself? Make it so far-reaching that it will embrace all kinds of evils, and then live up to it!

Salt Lake City, Utah

Solitude

I sat in the twilight; the camp fire burned low;
Sunset colors were leaving the sky,
And the silvery moon burst from a fleecy white cloud,
With one star shining brightly near by.

All was peaceful and quiet; no sound could be heard,
For 'twas out on a desert most lone,
Save the yelp of a coyote, or, near by,
The ground owl's occasional moan.

No more beautiful sunset e'er gilded the sky
Than was fading in darkness away,
Yet it seemed the night strove in its calm majesty
To outdo e'en the glory of day.

What a scene to inspire, yet how lonely and still!
One could but reflect on the might
Of the Infinite Maker whose powerful hand
Had patterned both day and the night.

So I sat there and mused of the wonderful grace
Which had made life so well worth the while;
How e'en in a desert as lone as that was
It could change the worst frown to a smile.

There is nothing will bring man more near to his God
Than communing with nature direct,
Where his innermost soul, in the solitude left,
Is given a chance to reflect!

Forest Dale

D. W. Smith.

Down With the Old, Up With the New

By J. B. Sumson

The Liquor License Act has been abolished by the good people of Ontario, Canada. And in its stead the Ontario Temperance Act has been firmly planted. More than three millions of people, after a hard and strenuous fight have come to a mutual understanding and by an overwhelming majority have consented to extirpate the whisky influence from this progressive province.

On September 16, of this year, there were in the Province of Ontario approximately fourteen hundred saloons; of this number one hundred and fifty were in Toronto, not including fifty small shops. The internal revenue derived from the licensed saloon and from the sale of liquor amounted to \$1,000,000 annually. Nevertheless, the people were willing to inaugurate the temperance law for the abolishment of the liquor traffic which has been estimated at one hundred and three millions of dollars.

Mr. Eudo Saunders, the Provincial Secretary, stated in an interview, "There is no doubt but what prohibition will bring added success to the Province of Ontario, although we set aside our one million dollar income, we expect to get it back in other channels which are more respectable and legitimate. Even at this time, the results are noticeable."

"The business men in general," said the Secretary, "are well pleased with the act; the money that used to go into the saloon goes now into the business houses. The men who are the head of the mining industry are especially pleased with the Temperance Act, as it has had a tendency to lessen the number of accidents."

"In talking with the officials of the Provincial Government," Mr. Saunders said, "I am inclined to believe that they are in favor of this law, as it eliminates the obligation of the 'treat habit,' which is so characteristic of men in public office."

In answer to the question as to what was considered the most essential element toward the success of the act, the Secretary replied: "We cannot afford to have a law and then have it winked at; as a rule when the liquor law is not working, the failure is due to the moral degeneracy of the officers. I have in mind a place in the states where the police were controlled by the liquor interests; that condition is impossible here because

of the quality of the officers. So you see," he continued, "we must be discreet in the choice of officers."

The following figures will show the conditions prevailing today in the city as compared with this time last year:

Arrests for drunkenness during week ending at midnight Sunday, September 26, 1915, 276.

Arrests for drunkenness during week ending at midnight Sunday, September 24, 1916, 29. Reduction, 247.

Arrests for all offenses during week ending at midnight Sunday, September 26, 1915, 912.

Arrests for all offenses during week ending at midnight Sunday, September 24, 1916, 561. Reduction, 351.

These figures show that offenses against the law in this city have been reduced three hundred and fifty-one, in one week.

Drunks are very rare. There has been a great change for the better in matter of conduct, on the street cars, we are told by the officials. The officers say they were always bringing offenders into court, but now the condition has changed wonderfully as the rough element is gradually being discarded.

When Toronto was "wet" the "drunk" was particularly obvious on those cars which traverse a particularly long route. The "drunk," with the intention of sobering up, would take a long trip to the beach; or a long ride on the Dundas car; or he would go round and round on the belt line. At the railway office they say it would be rather hard, at this early date, to give any figures to estimate the effect of prohibition on the volume of traffic. But they are of the opinion that the father and his family will spend more in the stores, and will travel more on the cars; as a result the car company will be materially benefited.

What's going to happen to the Toronto jail farm is a problem that is perplexing some of the civic officials, now that prohibition is prohibiting. One month of the "dry" has cut down Superintendent Findlay's health resort, out at Thornhill, to a bare seventy-four men. It is almost impossible for the officials to get men out there to harvest the crop. Toronto has almost \$500,000 invested in this well-meant enterprise, and the fear was actually expressed today, by one municipal expert, that the city might have to hire laborers to go to the jail farm to harvest the crops. It is a common thing to have 120 to 130 men at the farm. The record has been 150 and there is accommodation for 250.

Incidentally, the change at the jail shows that Toronto is being rid of a lot of low down thieves, "lush-dips" they are sometimes called, who make a specialty of hanging around saloons and robbing intoxicated men when they get into the alleys or lanes. But now they have flown like birds of prey to other

districts where picking is better, thus the city is getting rid of this type of men.

The casual observer of a month ago would be greatly impressed with the conditions in the city at present. Here and there drunken men staggered heavily laden with spirits. Especially when the city was filled with soldiers, drunkenness was very common, but now the men who are in uniform are not disgracing their uniforms by indulging in this habit.

Toronto, Ont., Canada

Beyond Today

"If we could see beyond today
As God can see;
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee,
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me.

"If we could know beyond today,
As God doth know,
Why dearest treasures pass away
And tears must flow,
And why the darkness leads to light,
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright!
Some day life's wrongs will be made right;
Faith tells us so.

"If we could see, if we could know;
We often say:
But God in love a veil doth throw
Across our way;
We can not see what lies before,
And so we cling to him the more;
He leads us till this life is o'er;
Trust and obey."—*Christian Work*.

The Making of a Man

By Louis W. Oakes

"Sit down there, Don. I'd like to speak to you for a few minutes," said James Middleton to his eighteen-year-old son, one morning, as the boy entered his office.

"All right, sir," answered the boy indolently, as he dropped into one of the large armchairs, to wait while his father finished dictating a letter in the next room.

Slouched lazily down in his chair, his legs stretched across the table in front of him, he sat gazing through the window into smoky space. The listless attitude brought into strong relief the marks of dissipation upon his face and stooping form. His eyes were deep-set between puffy walls of fat; and his face had become so deeply marked by that "don't care" expression, that, even in repose, it was highly insolent. Too much money and too little work had rapidly drowned the splendid heritage of birth and blood that had come to him through the broad shouldered, keen-featured, man of intellect in the next room.

"Now Don," said the man, his quiet face stern with determination, "I want to ask you once more: Are you going to quit the kind of life you are leading, and be a man, or not?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Don in a somewhat dogged manner. "I don't see why it should make any difference to you, Gov'nor."

From Mr. Middleton's manner, it was very evident that his temper was playing havoc with his self-control, as his teeth clicked together, and he said, "Look here, young man, don't you ever address me in that manner again. I guess you will find out what difference it makes to me. You've spent five hundred dollars of my money in the last week. And what have you to show for it? Nothing but the notoriety of having been arrested and fined in the city court, like any common scoundrel, after being so drunk that it was necessary for the police to bring you home. Confound you! you are a disgrace to my name. How do you think your mother feels over this? It's killing her; that's what it is. And now, I ask you, once for all, are you going to quit it?"

The boy arose as his father stopped speaking, contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and shuffled insolently out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

The merchant stood for a moment as if petrified; then, clenching his fists, he said between his set teeth:

"By heavens, I'll put him where he'll have a chance to treat people that way at his own expense!"

II

The following day Mr. Middleton talked the matter over with an old friend.

"Do you think that will be a good plan, John? I'm sure I don't know what else to do with him; but this kind of thing cannot go on any longer, even if I have to send him to an industrial school."

"Yes, I think that is the best thing you can do for him, Jim. But send him without a cent of money, and make him work or starve. It will help him. He'll not get any liquor at Walton's camp; and he will not be able to get away from there, if you let the men understand. And, I daresay, the treatment he will receive among the men will be rough enough. Walton is considered a bit eccentric, by some; but I'd rather bet on his making a man out of the boy, than anyone I know of.

"If you say so," he continued, "I'll drop a card to Ralph and have him send one of his men down after the boy, right away."

"Well, I guess you had better do it, John. I have spent my last dollar on him, except to put him where he will have a chance to earn his own living. And if you will kindly do that for me, I will make it right with you, and pay all expenses."

One evening, a week later, Don went for a "lark" with a new-found friend—and, as usual, got as drunk as possible. But that night the policeman was not called upon to take him home: for his companion, securing the help of some of the others, carried him aboard a train bound for Greenwood, a small saw-mill village, some two hundred miles from the Middleton's home town.

III

On the morning of the second day after his experience with the new "friend," Don awoke from the effects of the liquor—plus a drug, administered to him by that worthy—to find himself on a hard bunk, in a small cabin.

He was somewhat bewildered at first, and gazed about wonderingly; for this was unlike anything he had ever seen before. The room was built of unhewn logs. There was one small window, and a door which stood slightly ajar. A shelf, fastened to the wall, served as a table: a three-legged stool, and the bunk upon which he had slept, completed the furniture. These were all made of rough timber, and plainly spoke of life near to Na-

ture, but far from wealth's luxuries. At the farther end of the cabin was a capacious fireplace, and by the side of it a pile of kindlings.

Finally giving way to his curiosity, Don stepped to the window and essayed to look out; but the only thing visible through the murky glass was the dark, forbidding face of a mighty forest.

"Hey, Middleton it's about time for you to get out of here, isn't it? Better get around to the cook's office; I think your 'chuck's' ready."

Don whirled about to see from whence this cheery greeting hailed, and looked squarely into a strangely familiar pair of laughing blue eyes. He regarded the young woodsman thoughtfully for a moment, then with an exclamation of glad surprise, said, as he grasped the other's hand heartily:

"Larry O'Neil, by the Jinx! What in the —— are you doing out here? I'll be ——, if I'd ever thought to see you in this kind of place."

A look of displeasure flashed across the other's face, as Don's vulgar speech fell upon his ear, and his manner was not quite so cordial as he answered:

"Well, we'll talk about that later. For the present, you had better come up to the cook house and get some breakfast. The men have all gone to work but me; and I must go as soon as I show you to the dining room."

Larry was an old-time chum of Don's, whom he had not seen for four years; the O'Neils having been forced to move away from the city on account of financial adversities. As youngsters, the two boys had been constantly together; but after his chum left, Don got into bad company, and had followed the "broad way that leads to destruction."

As they climbed up the trail, on this cloudy October morning, the light autumn breeze brought the aroma of cooking food to their nostrils; and Don suddenly became aware of a sort of vacant feeling in the region of his stomach, which, he afterwards learned, was hunger.

"Ching," said Larry, as they entered the messroom, "give Middleton some breakfast, and put him to work, as Ralph told you."

"Allee-lightee," answered the cook, and Larry departed, leaving Don and the Chinaman together.

The boy said very little while he ate. For the first time in his life, something had set him to thinking. He had tried to learn something as to how he had come there, but Larry would tell him nothing; and subsequent efforts were rewarded in the same way by other members of the crew. Even Ching was silent on this subject.

As soon as the young man had finished his breakfast, the cook showed him a pile of wood, which was to be sawed and stacked up against the shanty for winter use, and told him to get busy. It was rather a new sensation for Don to have anyone order him about, and he merely snorted contemptuously, as he turned and started toward the cabin in which he had slept. Hardly had his sullen mood carried him a dozen steps, however, when he was whirled about with such vehemence as almost to take his breath away, and found himself gazing into the beady, black eyes of the native of Peking.

"Me guessee you to go to wolk, allee-lightee!"

For a moment Don was too astonished to do anything but stare at the cook; then he suddenly regained his senses and, his anger flaring up, he dealt the Chinaman an "undercut" on the point of the chin with his clenched fist. Although not heavy, the blow was a surprise to Ching; and not having a chance to dodge, he was sent sprawling among the pine needles.

"I guess you'd better keep your hands off me," said Don vengefully. Hardly had the words escaped his lips, when his throat was seized by a thin, clawlike hand; and soon he was lying upon his back with the Chinaman's knees upon his chest.

The next five minutes of Don's life was a period of the most horrible muscular torture that Jiu Jitsu can devise. It seemed to him as if the muscles of his body were being torn into shreds. He was utterly helpless in the hands of the wiry Ching, and his cries for help brought no aid.

At last the frenzied Chinaman ceased torturing his victim. Stepping back, he gave the boy a kick in the ribs and told him to get up. Don obeyed, and Ching roughly pushed him along to where the saw reclined against the improvised saw-horse, and pointing to it, hissed:

"Allee-lightee, go wolkee."

Not far away, at the edge of a small clump of young pines, Ralph Walton turned away with a grim smile, as he saw Don making clumsy efforts to use the saw, under the supervision of the Chinese cook.

IV

As a result of the oriental method of punishment, Don was unable to leave his bed for three days following his encounter with Ching. And during that time, he was continually trying to devise some means of avenging his supposed wrongs. Nothing sufficiently cruel came to his mind, however; but on the fourth morning, he arose with a murderous determination in his heart to get even.

As he and Larry were going up to breakfast, Don stumbled, and his stiffened muscles caused him to fall headlong. The pain

almost brought tears to his eyes, and he got up cursing the Chinaman in a manner most disgusting to Larry. Near the door of the kitchen, they were met by Ralph.

"Was that you swearing, down the trail there, Middleton?" asked the foreman.

"Yes, sir, it was," snapped Don.

"Well," said Ralph quietly, "I warn you, once for all, young man, we don't tolerate that kind of thing around here; and the next time you indulge in it, you can look out for the consequences."

"Oh, I guess I'll suit myself about what I say. It's none of your —— business, and you'd better keep your——"

"Shut up, you fool!" said Larry under his breath, as he grasped Don by the arm.

"Keep your hands off me, —— you. I can stand up without any of your help," retorted the culprit, as he jerked away and started back down the trail in a high temper.

"Here, come back here," called Walton, in a tone bordering upon anger.

"You go to ——," answered Don.

"Get hold of him, men," said Ralph, turning to some of the loggers who had gathered about, "get hold of him, and bring him up to the 'dipper'."

"Allee-lightee!" yelled the cook, as he shot past the others and raced after the runaway. "Ching catchee and fetchee!"

The other members of the crew were too amazed to do anything but gape with astonishment at this unusual outbreak from the Chinaman, and he was left to his own resources. Hardly had he been gone two seconds, when Don, with a yell of pain, turned a somersault and struck upon his head and shoulders.

When the others reached the spot, they found the boy lying in an unconscious heap, and Ching, with a face almost white, trying in every manner available to rouse him.

"Oh-a, oh, me tlip, me tlip! No meanee to hultee!" wailed the frightened Chinaman, as the men came up.

"Get out of the way, and go back to the kitchen, where you belong," said Ralph, pushing Ching aside. "Bring my medicine case and some water down to the cabin, Dave," he continued, addressing a large lumberman; then, picking up the boy, as if he had been a feather, the foreman carried him into the bunk-house.

V

A few days were sufficient, under the skilful care of Walton, to put Don on his feet again; and he was soon going about his daily tasks, somewhat wiser, but with a more deadly attitude than ever, toward Ching.

His opportunity of "getting even" was slow in putting in an appearance, although it did come, one freezing day in January. All of the men were enjoying a steaming hot dinner; but Don, who was reveling in one of his sullen moods, had not yet come in. Ralph was telling about how "Dock," the big chopper, had fallen through the ice into a small lake, the day before; and all present were intently listening to his droll account. Ching was standing behind the foreman's chair, with his back toward the stove. Just as the anecdote was drawing near to its climax, the door softly opened and Don stepped cautiously in.

Taking the situation in at a glance, he lifted a heavy kettle of simmering hot beans from the stove, and striding quickly forward, gave the vessel a deft turn which placed it bottom side up, over the Chinaman's head.

Poor Ching made a gurgling attempt to yell, and tried to back out of the kettle. In this he was partly successful; but as the vessel dropped off his head, the bail remained around his neck, causing him to fall headlong against the table. This piece of kitchen furniture, which was rather narrow and not well braced against side "swipes," immediately toppled over, scattering dishes and foodstuffs promiscuously about.

One part of the load, which happened to be a cup of seething hot coffee, chanced to come in contact with the hand and arm of a fiery son of Ireland.

"Howly Patrick!" he yelled, and throwing himself backward to escape, drove his head through a pane of the window behind him. His massive shock of red hair went readily through the window; but his efforts to draw it back were futile, for the edge of the overturned table brazenly held his toes pinned to the floor, thus binding him "hand and foot." In this precarious position he was almost as uncomfortable as Ching, who was bouncing about in much the same manner as a French razor-back does when it gets its head fast in a slop pail.

At length, upon being released from his encumbrance by one of the men, the cook shot through the open doorway, made a short sprint to the river, and dove head foremost into its cooling waters, in which great bodies of mush-ice were rapidly forming. For a few moments all was confusion. Then, as they recovered their self-control, part of the men went to the rescue of the cook, while others proceeded to extricate their Irish friend, who came out with: "Sarved him right, the bloody haythen."

Up until the time of Ching's flight, Don had stood back and viewed his work with a triumphant smile; but as he stepped out of the door to watch the Chinaman take his plunge, he was

grasped on each side by a stalwart woodsman and marched away to a dark room in one of the larger cabins.

VI

During the five days of his imprisonment, Don had suffered many hours of torment, face to face with his own thoughts. Being left in the most extreme solitude, many questions arose to torture him. What had happened to the cook? Had he been drowned in the icy river? Or, even were he rescued from drowning, would the awful scalding cause him to lose his eyesight? For the first time in his life, Don was brought to know that he had a conscience; and with these questions had come fearful forebodings. The darkness seemed full of awful visions—of poor Ching's lifeless body—of him groping about the kitchen with halting step and sightless eyes. Then came the remembrance of how good-natured Ching had always been—barring that first encounter—and how well the men all liked him. The only refuge the boy had from these tortures lay in thoughts of his mother. And even there he found little comfort, for he knew only too well that his actions had added many gray hairs to her dear head. Turn whichever way he would, the deepest remorse pursued him; and he felt that it was driving him mad. The agony of this horrible awakening was almost beyond the endurance of his untrained constitution; and his constant moans for the sympathy of that dear one, to whom all sons turn in their sorrow, grew steadily more childish.

For a hundred twenty hours Don had neither seen nor spoken to anyone. Nor had even the most slender shaft of light touched his eyes in that time. There was always food at hand, when he awoke from his troubled sleeps; but he knew not how it came.

As he lay upon his hard bunk, his mind feebly struggled to free himself from the whirling maze into which it had fallen; but a horrible pain in his head rendered even partially connected thinking impossible. This, coupled with weakness due to a lack of the food which he had left untouched, made him almost totally helpless.

"Oh, if I could only die," he moaned, "I don't see—why do they keep me—Oh-h!"

"What is that? It's—it's—" Don pulled himself to his feet, and staggered toward the door, just as the heavy structure swung open, letting in a flood of light which caused him to scream with pain. Clapping his hands quickly over his eyes, he stood dizzily swaying back and forth for a moment, then fell face downward upon the rough floor.

When he became conscious again, Don found himself upon his bed in the room which he had before shared with Larry; and

beside the fireplace, stood Ralph Walton, thoughtfully gazing into the cheery blaze.

The foreman had gone to the prison that morning to release the boy, and upon seeing the condition of his mind, had decided that the psychological time had arrived for the changing of the course of the lad's life. The conference between them was a long and earnest one; and of what was said there we have no record. Suffice it to say, that when Ralph Walton left the little cabin, there was a quiet, satisfied smile upon his face which told more plainly than words, that his object had been accomplished.

VII

"By jingo," said Larry O'Neil, as Don and he sat by the fire-side one cold winter's eve, talking over old times. "I didn't think there could be such a change in a fellow. Do you remember the day, three years ago, when you turned the bean kettle over Ching's head, and got locked up in the old cabin prison for it?"

"Well, I should say," answered Don, "there certainly was something doing that day. I guess I was about the meanest cur that ever came over the pike, when I landed among you fellows."

"But it has certainly been the making of you."

Just then the door was opened and Ralph Walton walked in. Kicking the snow off his boots, he took the chair that Larry pushed toward him, and held his hands to the blaze for a moment, as he said: "Well, Don, I guess I'll have to take Larry and start for Greenwood tomorrow, to be gone about two weeks. So you will have to take charge of the work here. I guess you had better have the men move that upper rick of logs out on the ice, first. I expect the river will break up about the last of March; and we'll have to hurry, if we get ready for it. There are still a few hundred thousand feet on the other side to be moved, and it's apt to keep us going, if we get them all moved before the ice gets rotten. What do you say, will you do that for the Company?"

"Why, blast it all, Ralph, I'd rather see you give the overseeing of the work to one of the older men; I'm not the right one, and I know they would feel better about it."

"Ho! ho! Bosh!" laughed the foreman, "you don't need to worry about that. I've already spoken to them about it, and they expect to see you out as boss, in the morning. There is not much to do; just work the men to the best advantage, and keep things moving."

"All right," answered Don, "I'll do the best I can."

"That's all anyone can do," said the older man as he arose, and buttoning his jacket, left them for the night.

"Well," said Larry, as Ralph closed the door behind him,

"didn't I tell you you'd be bossing the gang one of these days? What do you think about it now?"

"Let's not say any more about it, Larry," answered Don in a slightly embarrassed tone.

"All right, old man," replied his friend, "but I would like to tell Ching about it, and then be here tomorrow to see the dinner he would cook. Jerusalem! Wouldn't it be great? Why he'd serve a regular French banquet—names and all—in honor of the new boss; and—"

"Say, if you don't shut up, I'll throw a stick of wood at you."

"Well, of course I'll stop, if you want me to," laughingly answered Larry. Then, as if to change the subject he went to a corner of the room where hung his heavy coat; and, after fumbling for a moment in an inner pocket, turned with a smile.

"Here is another letter from your best girl. When are you going down to see her?"

As Don only smiled, Larry continued his banter.

"Say, your best friend will sure want to go along, too. Since that day you put a hot bean poultice on his head, and extracted his pig tail, he's frozen on to you. And by George, with his new clothes and American manners, you wouldn't need to be ashamed of him either—even in your mother's parlor."

The two friends then fell to discussing Don's return home.

"I do not want to go," said Don earnestly, "until I can feel that I have made good; but I know that I ought to go soon."

For a few moments both boys were silent, each wrapped in his own thoughts; then, at the suggestion of Don, prepared to retire, and were soon lost in that deep, dreamless slumber which none but those who toil can know.

VIII

The train was speeding rapidly away from the sawmill districts. Don watched the mountains, among which he had spent the last five years of his life, slowly recede from view. And as he caught a last glimpse of them from the top of a pass, over which the train was climbing, his gaze rested tenderly upon a lofty peak of the Baldy range. At the foot of that majestic monument was located the logging camp, toward which Larry, who had conveyed him to the train, was even then gently urging his tired horses. As the train started down the long grade and the mountain disappeared from view, Don settled himself comfortably back into his seat for a lonesome reverie.

Presently he took from his satchel a much worn packet of letters. As he looked them over, one by one—some of them, perhaps, for the hundredth time—a tender smile played for a moment over his features; only to be chased away by an ex-

pression of sadness, as he came upon a passage which brought back some incident in his former life. Finally he came to a letter much less worn than the rest, and his eyes filled with tears, as he read:

"Aren't you ever coming home? I have waited so long, and am getting so anxious to see you. You know you promised to come at Christmas, and it is now the first of April. Do come home for a few days, Don. You do not know how much I want you. I have respected your wish; and your father knows nothing about you, as yet—avoids mentioning your name, I think because he pities me. But if you do not come this time, I shall tell him and send him after you."

After giving an account of things at home, the letter ended:

"Do come home at once, my boy; you cannot know how much we need you."

"Dear little mother," said Don tenderly, as he replaced the letters. "The boys all think I have had a sweetheart—and I surely have. I have disappointed you twice; but I shall not this time."

For some time he sat as if in deep thought, then a satisfied smile crossed his face.

"Oh, well, I guess I am not so far behind, after all. I have two thousand dollars tied up in the business; and have had five years' training with the best bunch of men in the world. Yes; it surely is good to feel independent, and to know the real value of money. Why, I used to squander more than that many dollars in a single year, when I was at home. Dear old daddy, I wonder if he knew what a great thing he was doing for me, when he sent me out there to shift for myself?"

IX

Mr. James Middleton sat at his desk rapidly going through his mail. He was in an unusual hurry today, for Mrs. Middleton was coming to take him shopping with her, and he did not wish to keep her waiting. Business had been so pressing of late, that he had been able to spend very little of his time at home; and he was always happy at the thought of spending a few golden, leisure hours with this sweetheart of his youth.

"Not done yet, dear?" said a sweet-voiced little woman, bending over the merchant's shoulder. "Perhaps I had better wait in your private office."

As his wife paused a moment in the doorway, Mr. Middleton gave an exclamation of glad surprise.

"Wait a moment, sweet heart, and let me look at you. I have not seen that expression on your face in the last eight years. What has happened, little mother?"

"Oh, that is a secret. Perhaps I will tell you after while," replied his wife, with a mischievous smile.

Among Mr. Middleton's business callers that morning was a broad-shouldered young man, of medium height, whose keen, yet friendly, blue eyes, seemed to take in every detail of the office; while he waited. His straight, easy carriage, and heavily tanned face bespoke heavy training in the open air.

"Mr. Middleton, I believe," said the stranger, smiling and extending his hand.

"Yes, sir. You are representing this firm?" asked the merchant, indicating the card which he held in his hand.

"Yes, sir. I am one of the stockholders; and I just—"

There was a swift movement from the direction of the inner office, and the next instant he held in his arms a little grey-haired woman, down whose cheeks streamed tears of joy.

"Oh Jim, Jim, don't you know him? It's Don! Oh, my boy, my boy! Thank heaven, you did come home at last."

A few minutes later, Mr. Middleton, his eyes sparkling with a father's pride, stood with one arm around his wife, the other resting across the shoulders of his newly found son.

"My boy, you have made this the happiest day of our lives. Your little mother and I have hoped and prayed, through all these years, that some day our son might come back to us, *a man.*"

Winter

The Summer is past and the North Winds are blowing.

The bright orb of morning sinks quickly to rest,
While the spire and the hilltops loom dim in the distance
For darkness comes early at Winter's behest.

Tall trees in the forest now wave their bare branches,
The little boughs shivering shrink in the wind,
But the heart fills with gladness for always around us
Some beauty in nature some treasure we find.

The hard frosts are crusting the lakes and the river
And icicles glisten like gems in the sun,
While the shrubs in the garden are robed in white splendor
Nature's artist unrivalled moves busily on.

The blossoms of summer give place to the holly.
Like stars in the gloaming they peep through the snow,
Fair visions of mistletoe soft as the dewdrop.
Gleam in sweet purity under their bough.

As the joybells of Christmas steal over the snowdrift,
Our hearts rise and swell like the waves on the blue,
And peace, gentle peace, fills our souls as a river,
As the old year departs and we welcome the new.

Hannah Bennett



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XV. The Bullock's Oriole

Hush! 'tis he!

My oriole, my glance of summer fire.— *Lowell.*

“High on yon poplar, clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capped oriole is seen;
The broad extended boughs still please him best—
Beneath their bending skirts he hides his nest;
There his sweetmate, secure from every harm,
Broods o'er her spotted store, and wraps them warm;
Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze;
Thus day by day the lonely hours deceive,
From dewey morn to slow descending eve.”

1. To what bird family does the oriole belong? Name some of its near relatives.
2. What are some other names for the oriole? Suggest a reason for each.
3. How many kinds of orioles are there in North America, and where does each live?
4. Where is the oriole's winter home? How long does it remain in its summer home? Which returns first in the spring, male or female? What other bird do you know that does the same?
5. Describe the western or Bullock's oriole. Distinguish the female from the male.

6. In what sort of places do they prefer to live? Why?
7. Of what is their diet composed? What is their worst trait?
8. What sort of nests do they build? Of what and where do they build them?
9. Describe the eggs. How many in a setting? How are they protected? What is the most dangerous period in the bird's life?
10. Is the oriole a song bird? What is the characteristic note of the starling family?
11. Give two reasons why the oriole should be protected.

Handy Material

"Rains beat! Winds blow!
 Safe the nest in the elm tree.
 Days come! Nights go!
 Birds at rest in the elm tree.
 To-and-fro, to-and-fro,
 Safe are we from every foe—
 Orioles in the elm tree.
 Cats come! Cats go!
 Lullaby in the elm tree!"

The various kinds of orioles belong to the starling family and are, therefore, closely related to the cowbirds, meadowlarks, bobolinks, and blackbirds. Of the seven species found in North America the Baltimore, the orchard, the Arizona hooded, and the Bullocks are most common. The Baltimore frequents the eastern part of the United States and comes as far west as Colorado. Its showy colors were like those used by Lord Baltimore on his coat of arms and in consequence the bird became known as the Baltimore oriole. The orchard oriole, a plain black and chestnut bird, also makes its abode in the eastern part of our country, while the Arizona hooded is found almost exclusively in California. The Bullock's oriole breeds throughout our western region from South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, to the Pacific coast and is, therefore, the one with which we are best acquainted.

This particular bird spends its winter time in the hills and valleys of Mexico and remains with us only during the four or five warmest months of the year. Like the bluebird, the male oriole comes north in advance of the female and spends a few anxious days getting things ready for his prospective bride.

It is then that the male is groomed in his fresh spring colors. His underparts are a brilliant orange and his neck, back, tail, and wings a beautiful black. The somberness of wings is enlivened with patches of cheery white and that of his tail with edges of light yellow. A black four-in-hand tie extends from chin down over his showy yellow breast and a neat black cap adorns his comely head. This tie and cap together with his orange cheeks are the marks that distinguish the Bullock's from all other orioles. He is among our most attractive birds. His

showy, warm colors have given him the suggestive name of Fire Bird and also that of Golden Robin.

As a songster, our gay-colored friend takes high rating. Like most other birds of his sex, he sings his best during mating season. Then his song is a strong, clear, melodious whistle of the sort calculated to win the admiration of some coveted female. This, of course, is sung only on special occasions. Ordinarily his song is a semi-boisterous, wren-like chatter, said to be common with all the different orioles.

Since to the female oriole falls the lot of choosing her mate, she has no need to advertise with showy colors and winning song. In consequence, she dresses in a modest, greenish olive and yellow gown and converses in a quiet but rather complaining tone.

"Of all the weavers, that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cozy nest."

The tree chosen for this purpose is nearly always sound and vigorous and the particular branch, high up, is well covered with leaves, and not likely to be broken by disturbing winds. All orioles build deep-hanging or pensile nests, however, some are deeper than others. The deeper are called hammock nests and usually swing from swaying twigs; those not so deep are known as basket nests and as a rule are constructed in the forks of small limbs.

The bird under consideration is one of the basket builders. Its nest, made of flexible grass, vegetable fibers, bits of thread, and horse hair, is secured far out toward the end of a limb, quite beyond the reach of cats, boys, and other troublesome creatures. Wind, of course, sways the deep nest but the eggs seldom, if ever, lose out. A most dangerous time in the oriole's life is when it is a nestling; for then, in attempting to fly, it often falls from its lofty nest and, in consequence, is killed or else so badly maimed that its parents are unable to restore it to the hanging home.

The eggs, from three to six in number, are grayish, bluish-white, or pale buff marked with irregular, dainty, hair-like lines.

Our oriole spends much of his time in orchards and gardens. He is often found in parks and cemeteries and also in cottonwood groves near the mouths of our canyons. His long, pointed bill is well suited to picking tiny insects from secluded places in bark and blossoms. In fact, he is among the most useful birds we have. Harmful beetles form about thirty-five per cent of his diet and ants and wasps some fifteen per cent. Moths, scales, caterpillars and the like also contribute largely toward his meals.

"Eating small fruit, especially cherries, is the bird's only fault and he will do no harm in this regard unless other food is scarce or else the orioles are very numerous. In our own state the good he does so far overshadows the harm that it seems penurious to even mention the latter.

"They both were artists, gathering hair and hay,
And built their hidden cot with twittering joy,
When orchards smiled with blossoms through the day,
And brooklets sang with gladness but were coy.

"The eggs were tempting in the cherished nest,
Which hung and swayed secure from bending limbs;
When soon the birdlings came with orange breast,
And listening morn was charmed by woodland hymns.

"With bits of tune, and gold of fluttering plume,
And angry bills, they flew in search of food,
When sleeping fields awoke in vernal bloom,
And welcomed there the richly painted brood.

"They added beauty, grace, and song to earth,
Beneath the amorous love of kissing skies,
When roses, wafting their perfume, found birth,
And all the world became a paradise."—*J. Hazard Hartzell.*

The Nest—May

"When oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing;
When fickle May on Summer's brink
Pauses, and knows not which to fling,
Whether fresh bud and bloom again,
Or hoar-frost silvering hill and plain,

"Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock-nest,
Cheering his labor and with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

"High o'er the loud and dusty road
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

"Below, the noisy World drags by
In the old way, because it must,
The bride with heartbreak in her eye,
The mourner following hated dust:
Thy duty, winged flame of Spring,
Is but to love, and fly, and sing.

"Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
Above the lives by mortals led,
Singing the merry months away,
Master, not slave of daily bread,
And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
Wherever sunshine beckons thee!"

Palinode—December

"Like some lorn abbey now, the wood
Stands roofless in the bitter air;
In ruins on its floor is strewed
The carven foliage quaint and rare,
The homeless winds complain along
The columned choir once thrilled with song.

"And thou, dear nest, whence joy and praise
The thankful oriole used to pour,
Swing'st empty while the north winds chase
Their snowy swarms from Labrador.
But, loyal to the happy past,
I love thee still for what thou wast."



The Meaning of Education

By Dr. E. G. Peterson, President, Utah Agricultural College

VIII. To be a Servant

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "Cursed is the ground for thy sake."

The great curse is at once the greatest blessing; man's happiness is bound up with toil. Have you noted the eagerness with which the intelligent mechanic does his work? Have you seen the glow upon the face of the wise husbandman who walks his fields? Have you felt the exaltation of the musician who has worked out new harmony, or the writer who has phrased new thoughts? The architect, the farmer, the carpenter, the plumber, the lawyer, the mason, the merchant, the teacher, the scientific investigator—to these and all others who toil is given the privilege of accomplishment and the promise of happiness in achievement.

Work will alleviate or cure any ailment of mind or body. Tolstoi, the great Russian, advocated that all should work with their hands each day, and he and all his family went into the fields in regular employment. Crime follows idleness. An idle brain is indeed the devil's workshop. You have probably seen men and women seemingly in the prime of years approaching senility and mental decay. They were sallow, irritable, nerves on edge, digestion gone, and faith in God and their fellows gone. Work will heal them—work in which they are interested, work that causes the blood to rush through their veins, work that stimulates them in body, mind and soul. They will sweat and drink and eat heartily; they will be tired and sleep soundly. Faith will spring up again. Charity and tolerance will replace selfishness and viciousness.

Every person should do manual labor every day, except Sunday. Our modern civilization, having so much to do with offices and indoor work, makes this hard. Yet every man's welfare is best served by such work. This is the glory of the farm. While admitting, and for success demanding, constant, intellectual activity of very high order, it yet makes necessary daily work with the hands. It therefore insures health and happiness, and free and independent spirits and normal family life which always follows health. That is why patriotism, idealism, and simple nobility reside on our farms, and are not found so conspicuously on our city streets. Have you met the great char-

acters which our farms are producing under modern conditions? They are clean and sound—the men and women who will save our civilization, in the times ahead, so full of intemperance and freakishness, and so permeated with decay which comes in a measure from our ill-smelling city streets and alleys.

To be a servant. What does this mean? It means, of course, to work for others. It was once and still is to a great extent a stigma to be called a servant. Yet the development of science has brought very prominently to notice the fact that he who serves must be intelligent or disaster follows. The person who prepares our food must be clean and intelligent, or we who eat the food may contract his or her disease. The servant girl who cares for our child must be clean and intelligent, or our child may be infected with her disease. The person who washes and otherwise handles the knives, forks and the dishes we use at the table, must be clean and intelligent, or we may become infected with the disease which such a person harbors.

I saw a waiter in a Salt Lake cafe attending a table at which a clean looking young man and woman were sitting, accompanied by a small child. The waiter was diseased with the most loathsome disease known to man, and on his lip was a terrible ulcer which was exuding its deadly poison. He moistened his finger on his lips in tearing the price slip from his tab. The father took up the slip and thereby communicated to his fingers the deadly germ which had already made wreckage of the waiter's body. The next moment he took up his little child. He did not, of course, know the risk he was running, and society did not protect him as it should and as it will in the near future.

We must honor labor. Nature has stipulated that the person who serves must be clean and intelligent. In the days ahead of us, the wisest, the noblest, the cleanest will be the servants. Society need not be so much concerned about those who are served. To be waited upon requires neither intelligence nor demands cleanliness.

So our education must be directed toward those who are to be the workers, the servants. In the foregoing, I have remarked upon certain physical things which science has made so plain. If the worker must be clean, in order not to spread disease, it is equally important that he, the servant, have those other good qualities of mind and spirit which make him a teacher and a leader. Temperance, charity, faith,—these are also infections transmitted like disease. You have shaken hands and looked into the eyes of men who stimulated you to greater things. Science has not yet revealed, in detail, how we gain in faith and other great qualities, from association with others, as it has revealed how we contract disease from others. But we know that the power of such qualities does pass from one to another.

Those who work, the servants, must be cultured, strong of mind and spirit and free from contamination, if society is to be completely served. Christ was a workman, a servant.

Logan, Utah

Subduing the Earth*

By Willard Gardner, Principal Murdock Academy

When a citizen of a state takes stock of his resources, he counts his cows, horses, hogs, and sheep; he lists his machinery and his equipment; he appraises his lands and houses; he takes an inventory of his merchandise; he adds the par value of his stock certificates and his bank balance, and makes a grand total of what he is worth.

When a state takes stock of its resources, it must include, in addition, the great factory which produces these assets and the great source of energy utilized by the engines in the factory; and the valuation to be placed upon the factory and its engines and its energy supply must be governed by the efficiency of the factory and its engines. The great factory or plant owned by the state is literally a heat engine for the conversion of heat energy into work and potential energy of other kinds.

Over every square centimeter of the surface of our state there flows to the earth an amount of energy per second equal to two calories multiplied by a factor which varies from zero, in the morning, to nearly unity, at noon, and back to zero, at night, and remaining zero again until morning. The factor at noon day is very nearly unity in the summer time, but diminishes to approximately five-tenths in midwinter. This amount of energy-flow added up for a period of one year, and for the whole area of our state, (or as the mathematician would say, integrated through the given limits of time and space) would amount to approximately 15,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, (fifteen septillion) calories, or enough to raise from the ice point to the boiling point 160,000,000,000,000, (one hundred sixty trillions) tons of water. In the ultimate processes of nature an equal amount of energy, or perhaps even a greater amount, is leaving the earth by radiation, but an engine deriving energy from the sun at 4,000 degrees centigrade, and exhausting the waste at 300, would, under the best conditions, give an efficiency of approximately nine-tenths, which means that under the most ideal conditions of factory operation, nine-tenths of this amount of energy could

*Extracts from talks before the people of the Murdock Academy district.

be utilized in the manufacture of things for the good of man.

Now, the question arises, how can we utilize this great source of energy with the greatest efficiency? And this is the great opportunity that lies before the young people of the state. The most efficient of engines, available at the present time, is the soil and irrigation water. This is the engine whose throttle is our agricultural schools. Other engines are our mines, our forests, our water falls, and our mountain ranges. In our deserts, millions of calories of heat energy are wasted in the production of scanty sagebrush and in heating up the soil to parch and blister from year to year. The annual precipitation, if uniformly distributed, is sufficient for the production of crops on every acre of tillable land in the state, and this great engine awaits the hand of young Utah for bringing up its efficiency. It is possible for the city of Los Angeles to carry water for its citizens several hundred miles through an expensive aqueduct, and who knows but that the great rivers carrying their thousands of second feet of water from our eastern watershed into the Colorado river, and on to the ocean, may some day be diverted into Utah's Great Basin and applied to a beneficial purpose. Through the streams flowing into the basin now many thousands of second feet are annually allowed to seep into the parched deserts, evaporate, condense again as rain and snow in the mountains, and go thundering down the canyons to repeat the cycle from year to year.

We have been commanded of God to multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, and this renovating of our great factory and improving its efficiency is the part we are expected to play.

It is true that we obtain a great deal of valuable laboratory experience in our attempt to gain a livelihood here upon earth, but before we can possibly accomplish the results contemplated in this great command, subdue the earth and make it blossom as the rose, and build a Zion unto God, it will be necessary for the citizens of our state to go forth and prepare themselves for this great work. We are told that with faith we are enabled to accomplish great things, and we are also told that faith without works is dead. We are told that the glory of God is intelligence, and that man cannot be saved in ignorance. We are told that as man is, God once was, and that as God is, man may become. We are told that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and that man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

We are thankful that the gospel of Jesus Christ provides for the moral, physical, intellectual, and spiritual development of mankind. We sometimes are led to blind ourselves to these opportunities. The great educational systems of our Church and of our State were instituted for the benefit of the people, and to ignore the benefits to be derived therefrom is to add

to our condemnation. It is only through education that we shall be enabled to fulfil the commands of God.

Young men and young women, your patriotism for your country, your love for your God, and your devotion to the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, should stimulate you to a genuine desire for the development of those hidden resources within your own souls. Let us embrace the splendid opportunities that lie before us—educate ourselves for the great mission that devolves upon us to multiply and replenish the earth and *subdue* it, and make the deserts to blossom as the rose.

Beaver, Utah

Why Doubt Our Father's Power?

By President Nicholas G. Smith of the South African Mission

(Concluded)

After having been in the field a few months, I was called in by a faithful sister to administer to her boy who was, to my mind, slowly choking to death. I asked why she had not called a doctor, and she told me that the boy was so ill that a doctor could do no good, but that the Lord would heal him; and she wanted me to administer at once. Of course, I lost no time. Imagine my surprise when, fifteen minutes later, the swelling in the throat burst, and a fearful mass of blood and puss was ejected, and the boy got out of bed and began to play on the floor. Was there chance in this healing? Never in the world would anyone be able to convince that fond mother, who was filled with faith that God had healed her child. All idea of chance was wiped out of my mind, and yet it was several weeks later, before I fully realized what power there was in the Priesthood.

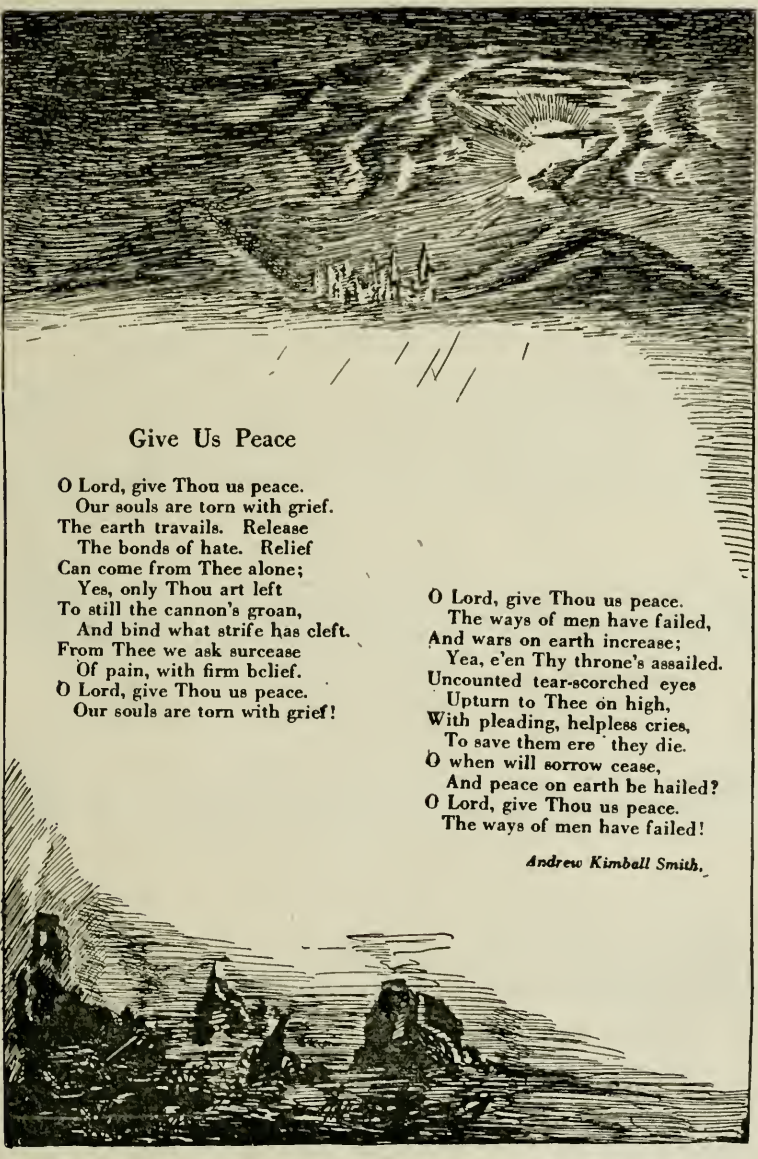
From then on I have never had a doubt as to what the Lord can do, but I find that I am still inclined to be able to see better at a distance when the Lord does things. My own babe went cold and limp one day, and his mother ran with him in her arms to me. He appeared to be lifeless, as his breath had stopped, but the minute I blessed him he came to, and has never had an attack like that since. Last July I received a letter from some of the Saints from Queenstown, telling me that a neighbor's wife had been taken from there to Cape Town to the asylum. The neighbor was very anxious that the "Mormon" elders should visit her and see if anything could be done. Conference President June B. Sharp and I called at the institution, and after an exciting few minutes she was ushered into the room, and we were left there alone with her. In talking to her we discovered that she seemed to be rational on everything but religion. She

told us that she had been converted to Christ, and that she so loved him that she wanted nothing to do with her husband or children, and would not cook or do anything for them. As she walked along the street, she would fall to her knees and pray to God that she might love him more, but her babes she hated with such a hate that it was feared something might happen if she were left alone with them. She had been to the different ministers of the churches in the town, and they had prayed for her, but she said the words were beautiful, but they fell dead upon her ears and she loved God more, and mankind less. After talking with her for an hour, and it came time to leave, I said to President Sharp that we would bow our heads and offer up a prayer, which we did. We rebuked the devil that had taken hold of her body, because we felt and told her that it was a devil, and commanded it to leave her, and asked our heavenly Father to send her back to her family. She seemed very pleased, and we left. President Sharp was released and went home, and when I had time to find out something about the good woman, I was told that she had gone home, well.

At our recent conference in Kimberley, President B. Glen Kenney, who had just completed a trip through the conference, reported that he had met with a wonderful experience in Queens-town. A lady came out to a meeting which he held there and testified that she was convinced that "Mormonism" was true. She went on to tell of how Elders Smith and Sharp had come to see her while she was confined in the asylum, how they had told her what her trouble was, and how true their words were, and how from the minute that they had uttered their prayer she began to get better and another influence had entered her heart, and she knew the devil had departed from her. Her great desire is again to meet these men and have them tell her how they knew so well what the trouble was, when doctors and half a dozen ministers did not know.

If there had been one lingering doubt as to the power of Christ in casting out the devil from the mad man in Galilee, or the power of the Priesthood today, it would have been forever driven from my mind. Here is a case where there could have been no element of chance, because the woman was healed, and she felt at the time that she was being healed, and knew that it was by the power of God.

These are only a few of the instances that have come under my immediate observation; but aside from these, there is that influence that works in the souls of men which convinces them better than healings, or even words, could do, and that is the Holy Spirit, through which, if we will, we can know of a surety that God lives and that the leaders of the Church are his prophets. Then why doubt our Father's power?



Give Us Peace

O Lord, give Thou us peace.

Our souls are torn with grief.

The earth travails. Release

The bonds of hate. Relief

Can come from Thee alone;

Yes, only Thou art left

To still the cannon's groan,

And bind what strife has cleft.

From Thee we ask surcease

Of pain, with firm belief.

O Lord, give Thou us peace.

Our souls are torn with grief!

O Lord, give Thou us peace.

The ways of men have failed,

And wars on earth increase;

Yea, e'en Thy throne's assailed.

Uncounted tear-scorched eyes

Upturn to Thee on high,

With pleading, helpless cries,

To save them ere they die.

O when will sorrow cease,

And peace on earth be hailed?

O Lord, give Thou us peace.

The ways of men have failed!

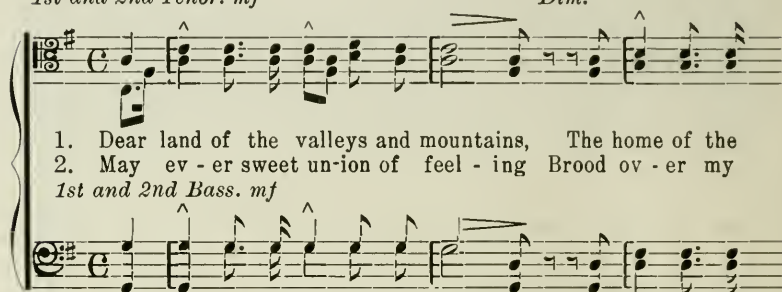
Andrew Kimball Smith,

Dear Land of the Valleys and Mountains

An Old Melody, arranged and words written by Evan Stephens.

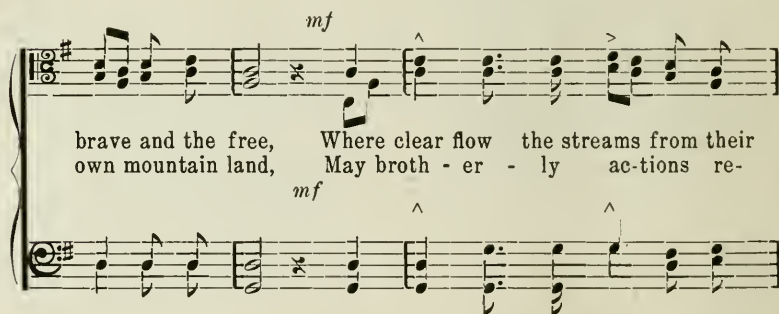
Tenderly. Met. ♩=69.
1st and 2nd Tenor. *mf*

To the M. I. A. Seniors.
Dim.



1. Dear land of the valleys and mountains, The home of the
2. May ev - er sweet un-ion of feel - ing Brood ov - er my

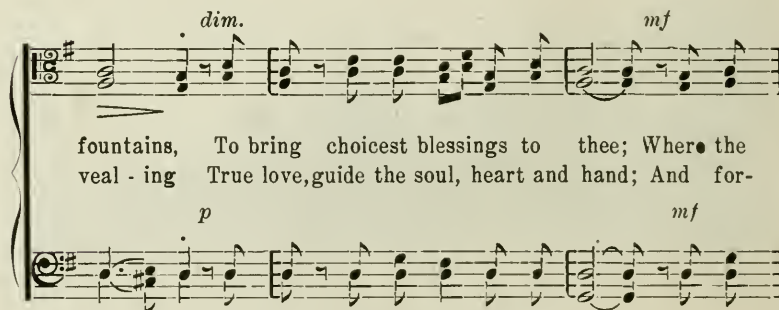
1st and 2nd Bass. *mf*



mf

brave and the free, Where clear flow the streams from their
own mountain land, May broth - er - ly ac-tions re-

mf



dim.

fountains, To bring choicest blessings to thee; Where the
veal - ing True love, guide the soul, heart and hand; And for-

p *mf*

Note.—Let the second tenor prodominate throughout.

sun and the moon in their beauty, Look - ing down from a
ev - er may concord and un - ion, Our de - vo - tion and

long pause. *mf*

clear sky a - bove, See true hearts de - vot - ed to
loy - al - ty prove. And give us the sweet - est com -

mf

p *f* *p*

du - ty To God and each oth - er, in love.
mun - ion With God and each oth - er, in love.

p *f* *p*

Note.—This tender little melody was sung into my heart when I was a small boy, by Ben and Agnes Williams and Shadrach Jones (all then of Willard). The song as then sung by them was entitled, "The Lone, Starry Hour." I have long wished to perpetuate it, and in the hope of doing so more effectively have set "homelove" words to it, and arranged it for our boys to sing. I regret that I have failed to find it in print, hence cannot find the name of the author of the melody.—*Evan Stephens.*



Hiking to the Summit of Mt. Baldy

A company of M. I. A. scouts of Monroe, under Scout Master Willard E. Stevensen, recently climbed Mt. Baldy, one of Utah's highest peaks in the Wasatch, its elevation being 13,000 feet. The picture to the left shows the boys taking a much-needed rest just before starting up its steep slopes. They are near timber line, as you will note from the scrub pines.

On the right they are shown on the summit of Mt. Baldy, the object of their trip. The pictures were taken August 27, 1916. They reached the summit at 2 p. m., having walked over a rough, roadless stretch of mountains and canyons from what is known as the "Mouth of Picnic," a distance of about twelve miles, since 7 a. m. the same day.

The top picture on the opposite page shows the boys resting on the steep slopes of Mt. Baldy. "This part of our climb," says the scout master, "was so steep that we were sometimes compelled to crawl on our hands and knees."

The portrait in the center was taken from the summit of Mt. Baldy looking southeast. Note the small snow patches. At the foot of the big peak in the center is Blue Lake.

The bottom picture was also taken on the same day, August 27, 1916. The snow bank that the boys are standing on is over one hundred feet long and about twenty feet deep. It was found a few hundred yards northwest of the summit of Mt. Baldy.



Scenes About Mt. Baldy, Wasatch Mountains

Taken by the scouts of Monroe, Sevier County, on a recent hike under
direction of Willard E. Stevensen, Scout Master.
(For description see opposite page.)

Mind and Plan in Nature*

By Dr. Joseph T. Kingsbury, Late President of the University of Utah

We say that the great and small masses constituting the heavenly bodies are of spherical form, because of gravity and molecular attraction; that they are moving through space about one another by reason of gravitation, centrifugal and centripetal forces; and that many are luminous on account of the rapidity with which the molecules are moving among themselves. Likewise we explain that plants germinate and grow by means of chemical reactions and physical changes; also that certain chemical and physical activities accompany the act of evolving thought and ideas.

Thus, all these various chemical, physical, and motor energies are spoken of as if they were the ultimate, moving, living, and intelligent energies and power in the universe. We only mean, however, by chemical reactions, changes, or activities, that atoms or ions are changing places among themselves, and are forming new substances. By physical changes we mean merely that molecules are assuming different positions with respect to one another; and by gravitation, motor energy, and centrifugal and centripetal forces, we designate those energies through which larger bodies move through space.

But behind all these attractive and repellant forces among atoms or ions, molecules and masses of matter, there is indeed something else. Now what causes the ions or atoms to rearrange themselves among the substances brought together? To say that it is chemism, or chemical energy, does not tell the cause at all. Chemism is simply a name conveniently used for an activity or property. To say that gravitation is the cause of the attraction between two heavenly bodies does not tell the ultimate cause at all. Gravitation is simply a name used to designate a certain kind of force. The character of the ultimate cause we do not know. So it is with all ultimate causes; we can not comprehend them. They are beyond the ability of man to find out. That there is some great ultimate cause or power underlying all nature, no one can reasonably deny; and after logically tracing step by step the various factors, we are led to this inevitable conclusion.

But what sort of underlying power must this be? In this

*From a baccalaureate address.

universe there is at least one great body, the earth, on which living beings can thrive, as, for example, plants, lower animals; and man. Man is not only a living being, but an intelligent one, with powers to reason, to judge, to make comparisons, and to draw conclusions. This being called man not only has been endowed with all these wonderful powers, but through his capabilities he has reached that stage in his development when he can look back upon the growth of this earth, read and interpret the footprints of time, and with great certainty can understand the meaning of the many phenomena presented on the surface or in the crust of the earth. From one viewpoint, he can read into a thousand objects wonderful things of the past; and even into the little pebbles on the sea shore, he can read marvels of the bygone history of this old planet on which we live.

For instance, the smooth, round granite pebble, picked up on a lone shore of some great body of water, is laden with a record that might fill volumes. What does this pebble tell to the scientific mind? Does it not say: "I am here, and being moved hither and thither on this shore, gradually losing by the lashing and surging of the waves about me, more and more of the material of which I am composed. I have been here a long time. I came from the top of yonder mountain. At first I was washed down by the spring freshets into a swift canyon stream, and afterwards by that stream into the ocean. I was then angular and irregular in form, and much larger than I now am. As you find me, I am smooth and much worn. It took me a long, long time to come from the place at which the freshets first landed me in the stream to this lonesome shore where you now find me. Much of my angular form was changed in the bed of the stream that carried me to the sea. I was knocked down and thrown about unmercifully, rubbing up against first one rock and then against another. Sometimes I was on top, at other times underneath some immense boulder. At times I was buried deep beneath the bed of the stream; and at other times I found myself even above the howling, moaning water of a cataract, and perched upon some point of rock untouched by the seething water below. Either by the increased volume of the water or by the change in the course of the stream, I was unearthed from my burial place, or I was unhorsed from my position on the rock. At one time the surging water dashed me up against the bank and lashed me to the shore; and then, again, it licked me up and threw me into the middle of the angry stream. Countless times I was tossed and thrown here and there at the pleasure of the maddened water, as it made its way to the valley below. I was tossed against this rock, and then against that rock, and hurled to the right and then to the left, and then

to the bottom of this raging stream, without warning and without mercy, making my life strenuous, fierce, and severe. Thus did I pass through the various cruel vicissitudes of my abode, in the swift and furious stream, until I was carried to the ocean and pushed upon this lonely shore. On that mountain top, long before I began my slow movement to the sea, I was detached from a huge mass of granite, by the heat of the summer and the cold of winter, the expansion and contraction of my mother rock, the rain and snow, the gentle and swift winds of the seasons of the year. Not always, before my journey to the sea, was I at the top of that mountain, but only slowly did I rise to that eminence from far below the bed of the ocean where I was born. Within me are water inclusions; so, in moisture as well as under great heat and pressure, must I have been formed. To the bed of that body of water the material of which I consist was carried by erosion, and by the action of running streams. Sediment upon sediment was deposited upon my component parts until the heat developed became sufficiently great, with the co-operation of the superheated steam and the innate energies, to form the quartz, the feldspar, and hornblende or mica of which I am made. Then, under great pressure and other physical agencies, those minerals were blended and cemented together, and thus was formed the granite rock of which I was once only a very, very small part. Still farther, to trace my history back into the ages of inconceivable time—I find myself divided into parts, separate and different minerals, and finally, during the time possibly of the formation of the earth, and before and after that period of time, I was divided into the elementary substances themselves."

Thus ends the tale which a pebble tells to the scientist. And although man can read these facts, yet, as compared with the universe of facts, he knows little indeed; still his capabilities are truly wonderful, and in many ways very great. With these wonderful capabilities and this intelligence, this comprehension and these strong and intelligent emotions and feelings, is man here for naught? Is there no purpose for his existence? So far as is now known, spontaneous generation is impossible; life and intelligence can not be produced without the existence of previous life. This being true, life has always existed; and it is more reasonable to believe, since life never had a beginning, that never was there a time when intelligence did not prevail somewhere in this universe.

From the account thus given of the condition of the stars, the planets, and other masses of matter, and of their movements in endless space; of the other energies and power extant—the growth and development of the plant, the nature of the human mind and intelligence—we have learned that there are fixed laws

to which all the movements of the great bodies in the heavens conform, and fixed laws to which the energies and motions of the particles of these great masses accord. Again, there are fixed laws in accordance with which the plants grow, chemical and physical changes in matter and in man take place, and conforming to which the mind is gradually developed. It, therefore, seems reasonable that all these various phenomena and phases in nature, including man, are exhibited, do exist, and are what they are, in accordance with perfect order and fixed laws. Confusion and mere chance are foreign to the very nature of these wonderful activities; energies and existences in the universe. Therefore, if there is order in the universe, and fixed laws controlling all things, then it is fitting and consistent to our minds to believe that there is a Creative Intelligence guiding the destiny of all material and immaterial things or existences.

As one's conduct in life, one's kind of living, and one's thinking, all have an influence for good or for ill, every human being is obligated to high thinking and moral conduct. Man should not steal, he should not lie, he should not hate, he should not be envious and jealous, he should not be immoral or dishonorable in any way, for he would thereby hurt not only himself, but be doing also a great wrong to others. Man should not only do all the good he can to uplift himself, and thus indirectly tend to help advancement of others, but should directly do all he may for uplifting his fellows. The world has advanced most, and chiefly been made a better place in which to live, by people who have in one sense gone far beyond their immediate moral obligations, and have sacrificed themselves by suffering, and even death, in order that great peace and purer happiness could come to you and to me.

The Nativity

The silver moon had set far in the West;
O'er all the Holy Land the night was still;
The shepherds with their sheep had gone to rest.
While darkness reigned o'er vale and dell and hill.
But lo, a brilliant light beamed from on high;
An angel voice announced the blessed morn;
Behold I bring you tidings of great joy,
For Christ the Lord to you this day is born.
Angelic choruses in anthems grand,
Sang sweetly, "Peace on earth, good will to man."
Let nations in their haughty pride bow low;
Acknowledge the profound, allwise design;
And in the Christ child learn by faith to know
This greatest gift of God to all mankind.

O. F. Ursenbach.

For My Little Babe's Sake

By Henry Nicol Adamson

"Hush, my baby! hush! No one will refuse us shelter to-night—for it is Christmas Eve! The night that brought a dear little Babe to the world—a Babe whose coming taught people to be pitiful to little babies, and to the women who bear them!"

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!" The woman repeated the beautiful old words as she gathered her shawl more closely round her year-old child, and struggled on—the snow blinding her—the cold wind chilling her through, and making her arms quite numb. They comforted her—bringing back girlhood's days—not long past in time—but divided from now by suffering which cannot be judged by the ordinary minutes, hours, and days. It was past now, and she was traveling as far as she could from the scene of it—to start afresh. The journey had proven longer than she had expected; for no one seemed to want a woman with a baby. They had slept where they could—under sheltering hedges, in friendly barns. But tonight—tonight was Christmas eve—when the world's heart was warm and open. And such a Christmas eve—with the snow making itself into wreaths in the lanes, and against every wall!

At last the woman's weary feet had reached the English village street. The very first house she came to, there was a sound of children's joyous voices singing a carol:

"Peace on earth, good will toward men
From heaven's all-gracious King!
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing!"

The woman listened—leaning against the gate of the little villa garden. Tears rose in her tired eyes. Once she had been a little girl at home. She, too, had sung that sweet old carol, and had felt her heart grow soft and glad on this night of the year. As she went slowly up the path, she could see the happy group about the piano—through the laths of the Venetian blind.

"Mum! Mum!" her little one whimpered sleepily. And she drew her shawl more closely about the babe, and laid her lips to the soft cheek.

"Yes, mother's baby! Yes! For you I will be even as the Eastern beggars—and plead for 'alms in the name of Allah!'"

She rang the bell, and heard the message go thrilling

through the house. And presently a woman in great over-all came bustling from the kitchen—flour on her hands and wrists.

“Good gracious! Only a horrid tramp! Really the impertinence of the creatures! And me in the midst of making the pastry for tomorrow!”

And oppressed with her Martha-like cares, she turned the key in the door without giving the woman time to say a word, and returned to her work in the cheerful kitchen.

As the woman went slowly down the path again, the clear voices of the children followed her:

“Peace on earth, good will toward men!”

She would not be down-hearted. There were plenty of other houses; and the cold would be too much for her little child tonight. She walked a little, looking wistfully at the houses, which seemed full of light tonight. At last she summoned courage to enter another gateway. She would go to the back this time. She tapped timidly and leaned against the brick-work, trembling, while she waited. She rapped again, and then, made bold by despair, and by the child's restless whimpering, she turned the handle and ventured inside the back door.

At that moment a woman servant came busily from the kitchen on her way to the larder, and gave a loud shriek.

“Missis! Missis!” she shouted. “If there ain't one of those tramps right inside the house—and in another moment, dear only knows if we mightn't have been killed, and it's Christmas eve and all!”

“Oh, Pearl! Put him out! Put him out! He must have known my husband is from home!” A little, trembling woman appeared in the kitchen door.

“It's a woman, missis,” the servant answered grimly. “They're the worst. The man will be somewhere outside, you be sure. Out you go! Quick about it! And tell your tribe that there's a bulldog that's let loose at nights, and if it wasn't Christmas eve I'd hand you over to the authorities of the law!”

“Oh! for my little babe's sake!” the woman began tremulously—“For Christ's sake—”

“She's swearing, missis!” the servant said, in genuine horror. “Out you go! And be ashamed of yourself!”

So the woman found herself in the night again. Strength and spirit were beginning to fail her. She seated herself on the step of a gate, and looked about her dreamily. There were no stars tonight, the air seemed black with snow. It was as though a black pall hung between God and the world. Could God see her, pity her, sitting there with her babe? She arose wearily, the very thought of her babe rousing her. For herself she would have been glad to let the snow cover her.

"I will try again!" she whispered to herself. There was no show of Christmas in the house at whose door she rapped. No sound of merriment. And in at the unscreened window she had seen the walls bare of holly or ivy. The door was opened by a tall, stiff-looking lady, in severe black dress.

"Come into the corridor!" she said, and gratefully the woman went and sank upon a chair there. It was not a warm or cheerful corridor, but it was better than outside."

The lady asked many and searching questions about her past,—to some of which the woman seemed loth to reply—then recommended her to the poor-house in the town, three miles ahead. The woman looked at her piteously, and pleaded for shelter for that one night—for the sake of her babe. But immediately the lady was in haste to get rid of her. And when the woman stood in the path once more with her babe, she heard the lady, who was locking the door, chiding her mistress.

"I've told you, missis, that your goodness to tramps would get us annihilated in our beds one of these days!"

Down the path the woman went. She could scarcely walk. Bursts of merriment greeted her ears from different houses as she passed. But she approached no more doors. Then, slightly apart from this European village, with snow-covered ivy clinging lovingly about it, she came upon the church, and a great longing seized her. If that door was open, surely she and her babe would be received there. She tried the door. It yielded, and she passed inside. Warmth met her there. The church had been heated for the decorators—whose work was done now.

Slowly she went up the aisle, as if drawn to where the light swung at the altar. Bright holly berries gleamed on every side. The altar itself was a bank of snowy chrysanthemums. But the woman's eyes were fixed on a picture of the Christ. The gentle, pitiful gaze seemed bent upon her. "You will not turn us out!" she whispered, as she sank down on the softly-carpeted step.

Next morning the tall, grave-faced clergyman came early through the snow to his little church. He liked to be there before the very earliest of his flock. With his own key he unlocked the door and passed within. And right below the Christ he found the woman lying, the babe still clasped to her breast. Stepping close he saw that it was a face that he had met before.

"Mary!" he murmured, as in his strong arms he lifted both her and her babe, and carried them to the rectory. An hour later the woman sat in his great arm-chair before the brilliant fire, and told him her pitiful tale.

And the clergyman's fine face grew troubled as he listened. Then he administered to her tenderly, "But you have come home, Mary, home at last!" he said, almost solemnly.

When the clergyman got up that day to give his little Christmas address, the people somehow held their breath. It was usually just one or two cheery words, that suited well with the holly-decked church; today they felt that it was to be different—there was a deep gravity in the eyes that scanned them.

"My people!" he said, and there was a strange solemnity in his deep voice, "I believe that last night the Christ-child came knocking at certain of your doors—begging humbly for shelter, and you refused; a woman and a child—just as that other woman and child might have done—and you would not. You know the words, 'Inasmuch as you did it not to the least of these little ones, you did it not unto me!' You turned the Christ-child from your doors last night!"

One or two in the congregation moved uncomfortably.

"The woman found refuge with her babe here. The Christ did not refuse her—she lay there, at His feet!" He waved his hand to the pictured Christ, and tears rose in his eyes.

"The woman is called Mary," he added, gravely and simply, "and God has brought her to this place of refuge."

Into the vestry, after, three women came. "We did not know!" they pleaded almost tearfully.

"I was so busy and flustered—I really scarcely saw her!" the one who had been making pastry murmured.

"Oh, Martha! Martha!" the minister said reproachfully,

"We will remember the Christ-child another time," the timid woman said, gravely.

"We—we just did not think."

When the Graves Give up Their Dead

Walking along the street one evening, I noticed the doors of the saloons go swinging in and out. My fancy likened these places to the grave. I thought, "Oh, what a pity that so many young men are every day being enticed into these graves where character, honor, and self-respect lie buried, with many a broken heart." I thought, as the grave claims the body forever, so do these places claim the soul forever.

Then the merry chimes of the town clock told me it was the hour of midnight. As if the judgment call had sounded, and the graves gave up their dead, I saw these places empty and saw the keeper lock the door on the outside. Then I knew that neither these places nor the grave claim their victims forever, but as sure as these people came out of the saloon at midnight drunken and gloating, blind to their folly, so will they stand at the day of reckoning before the judgment seat of God.—*Henry N. Anderson.*

A Study in American Hebraic Names

By T. W. Brookbank

Mr. H. H. Bancroft, in his great work entitled *The Native Races of the Pacific States*, refers to numerous ideas and customs observed among the Indians in various places on this continent, and which are set forth by some learned investigators as identical with, or, at least, very similar to, others that have existed among different peoples of the Old World, and especially among the Jews, to whom the origin of many of these things has more or less directly been attributed. Commenting on these matters, Mr. Bancroft says, "At the same time, I think it just as probable that the analogies referred to are mere coincidences, such as might be found among any civilized or semi-civilized people of the earth." This opinion is expressed while he has the autochthonic theory of the origin of the native American under discussion, and he concludes his remarks respecting it as follows:

"Hence it is, many not unreasonably assume that the Americans are autochthones until there is some good ground given for believing them to be of exotic origin. * * * No one at the present day can tell the origin of the Americans; they may have come from any one or from all the hypothetical sources enumerated in the foregoing pages, and here the question may rest until we have more light upon the subject."

Mr. Bancroft does not, in express terms, state that he believes the autochthonic hypothesis is most probably correct; yet it apparently is more acceptable to him than any of the others that he reviewed—the "Mormon" theory (or claim) among them.

With commendable fairness, however, he refers to many of the arguments which have been advanced by various authors who maintain that the Indians are of Jewish descent, observing that "Melgar gives a list of Chiapanec calendar names, and finds fourteen agree with suitable Hebrew words" (Vol. V, pp. 95, 96).

It appears to the present writer that numerous similar or identical ideas and analogous customs, together with not a few Hebrew words gleaned from various sources, ought to supply an argument quite strong enough to connect satisfactorily our native races with the Jews of the Old World; but all these evidences are brushed aside as mere coincidences, or as coming, it might be, from a few Hebrews who, in ancient times, from unknown causes and by unknown means, made their way to Amer-

iea and intermarried with the primitive people—a little leaven, in this instance, evidently having gone a long way.

So far as I am aware, Mr. Melgar has conducted his investigation in a field not largely occupied, and as it is one where fruits which, perhaps for quite good reasons, may not be very abundant, are, nevertheless, valuable, it is purposed in these remarks to add some additional testimony in line with what that gentleman has developed.

The claim that evidences of this character, philological, are valuable, is sustained by what Muller says in his *Science of Language* (Vol. 1, pp. 326-7), which in effect is that, aside from historical records, language is by far the best of the secondary authorities to prove racial kinship. This fact, he concludes, "is conceded by all."

To begin remarks bearing more directly on the matter in hand, we find one objection to the Jewish hypothesis is that "The strong trait in Hebrew compound words of inserting the syllable *el* or a single letter (*l*) in the names of children, derived from either the primary or secondary names of the Deity, does not prevail in any Indian tribes known to me" (Schoolcraft's *Archæology*, Vol. III, p. 61).

It is the insertion of this syllable *el* or *l* only, in some instances, which causes the name compounded with it to express some relationship to God, as, for example *Bethel*, that is "house or place of God," *beth* meaning "house" or "place," and *el* is the first part of *Eloah* and *Elohim*, which were Hebrew names for God and Gods respectively. Two other common names were also used by those ancient people for God—*El* and *Eloh*. But as the Hebrews of old wrote only the consonants of words, they would leave out the *e*'s in *Bethel* and write that word with the letters only that stood for *B'th* and *l*.*

Now, it may occur to some that in view of what Mr. Schoolcraft says relative to the lack of compound words or names in *el*, among various Indian tribes, and of what Mr. Muller observes concerning the value of language as a means for tracing racial kinship, we are at the outset confronted with an objection to the theory of the Jewish origin of the Indians which is fortified in the best possible manner, barring historical records.

But little real importance, however, attaches to this proposition; for while Mr. Schoolcraft found no such names among a comparatively few Indian tribes of a wild character, where he

*Should any adult reader favor the writer with a perusal of these remarks, he will please understand that as the leading purpose in view is to afford assistance in their studies to those of youthful age, explanations will sometimes occur which would be omitted were this paper penned solely for those who are familiar with Scriptural studies and, historically, with Jewish customs.

apparently conducted his investigation, no one is therefore justified in claiming that such names are not of occurrence among any tribes whatever, nor is it by any means probable that Mr. Schoolcraft examined all the names in use by the tribes involved; and even granting that he did examine every one of them, who shall say that names compounded with *el* did not occur among Indians of those same tribes in preceding generations? Not every name used by our own forefathers is in service among us now. Water under certain conditions becomes as hard as a rock, but the claim of a multitude of people who live in the torrid zone, and who never saw water in that form, that such a thing is unbelievable, can in no way detract from the real value of the testimony of a single school-boy or school-girl who has seen water in the form of ice; and it is just as apparent that the evidence supplied by Mr. Melgar, and others who have found names among the Indians which are Hebraic, is of far greater importance in the case before us than the statement of one investigator, or of dozens of them, for that matter, that they have found no Indian names compounded with *el* or *l*.

But we must keep in view the real essence of the statement made by Mr. Schoolcraft, which is that since the ancient Hebrews frequently made such compounds, almost any, if not every tribe of Indians, were they of Jewish descent, should also show to some extent the use of such compound names; but since they do not occur generally among them, the native Americans can not have an Hebraic origin. This implied, and in some cases expressed assumption, is also of no great value when one takes into consideration the general conditions of barbarism or savagery under which Indian life, for the greater part, has been passed for generations. To illustrate the situation, we find English-speaking people are now all familiar with the name Jehovah; but let us suppose that these same people should become scattered in numerous tribes over a new continent, and in this dispersed condition let them have no alphabetic language whatever, nor even hieroglyphics or picture writing, except what some members of the tribes could devise, and who would not consider the argument as wholly unreliable if, after some centuries had elapsed, some one should attempt to show that the latest generations of these scattered and untutored Englishmen, having no alphabetically written records, could not be of English descent because a few investigators, or a regiment of them, had failed to find names among them compounded with *jah* or *yeh*, to say nothing of their having a significance that should attract the attention of learned and painstaking investigators as very similar to that now attributed to Jehovah by English people? Reference in these last remarks is made to the findings and the opinion of the great investigator, Lord Kingsborough.

In this connection the fact is recalled that an American often has, even now, not a little difficulty in understanding the English as it is used in some parts of the British Isles; and in England itself the residents of several different localities do not lack much of needing an interpreter to bring the respective people to an understanding of one another's speech. This all occurs, too, while books in English are published by the thousands, and dictionaries are easily at the service of everybody. What a disagreement among us in the use of language would ensue—what a babel of confusion would result in a thousand years, or even in a few centuries, were all our present means for keeping us in uniformity, such as it is, obliterated, is hazardous to conjecture; but doubtless it would be very great.

An investigation, then, of the character in mind, conducted solely among some of the wild Indian tribes, while not by any means out of place, will likely, for good reasons, yield no very great results analogically Hebraic, so far as names are concerned. Still, there are some examples, and not a few by any means, to which attention will be called before these remarks are closed. It is apparently of far greater importance that an inquiry into these matters be conducted with reference to that period of time when Jews came, or are supposed or alleged to have come, to this country many centuries ago, and then among a people who kept historical records written with the aid of alphabetic symbols, such for example as those used by people who lived anciently in portions of Mexico. It was in a field of this character where Mr. Melgar developed such favorable results in a single specialty.

It appears also that Mr. Schoolcraft and others with him have overlooked the fact that besides the syllable *el* or the *l* only, there are other names for God or for a member of the Deity which, either in full or in an abbreviated substitute form, were often used by the Jews in compounding names; and, consequently, they are of as much value to prove an analogical Hebraic usage as if in every one of them the *el* or *l* should occur. Among the names to be submitted presently, not all are of the latter class, but as those of another class, compounded also with a substitute for a Divine appellation, seem to the writer to be of no insignificant value as evidence of the Jewish origin of the Indians, some quotations and references that afford an authoritative basis for the claim that they are doubtless Hebraic as compounded, will be submitted.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. "Jehovah," says:

"The attempt to connect the name *Yahweh* with that of the Indo-European deity (*Jehovah—Jove*), or to derive it from Egyptian or Chinese may be passed over. But one theory which has had considerable currency requires notice, namely, that *Yahweh* or *Yahu* or *Yaho* is the name of a god

worshiped throughout the whole, or a great part, of the area occupied by the Western Semites."

And in a note on the same page it further says:

"The form *Yahu* or *Yaho* occurs not only in composition, but by itself. This is doubtless the original *Ia o* (this name in Greek letters (*Iao*) frequently found in Greek authors and in original texts as the name of the God of the Jews."

From the *Jewish Encyclopædia*, Art. "Names of God," we learn that this same name for Jehovah (*Yahweh*) is contracted to *Jah* or *Yah* and also *Jeho* or *Yeho*, and goes to *Jo* and *Yo* in combination in the first part of compound names, and *Yah* in the second part of such names.

The *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge*, Art., "Yahweh," informs us that the Hebrew names *Yehonathan* or *Yonathan* (Jonathān) and *Hizki Yahu* or *Hizkiyah* (Hezekiah) are fairly representative of names compounded with the Divine name, and that *Yahweh* appears in the writing of the early Fathers and Gentile authors also as *Iao*, *Yaho*, *Yahou* and *Yaoue*.

According to Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, *Amaziah* means "whom Jehovah strengthens," *Amariah*, "whom Jehovah promised," *Amasiah*, "whom God bears;" and *Jah*, it states, is a shorter form of *Jehovah* used in forming such compounds as *Eli-jah*, *Isa-jah*, *Jerem-jah*, etc. (the last, Jeremiah). It also appears in *Ahi-jah* (Ahiah), meaning the "Friend of Jehovah;" *Berechiah*, that is, "blessed of Jehovah, and so on; all such compounds involving God, or Jehovah, in some kind of relationship.

(To be continued)

Revelation

What a marvelous invention, the wireless!

Man's thoughts speed through the air swift as light.
Only stations that accord get the message,—
The discordant are left in the night.

But more marvelous is God's revelation!

Master words speed through space swift as thought.
Only hearts that are attuned, get the message,—
And those souls out of tune are untaught.

Guy C. Coleman.

Tabiona, Utah

Nothin' Like Christmas for Drawin' Home the Folks

When the snow's whirlin' 'bout yer head, ye hear the sleigh bells ring;
An' the gobbler ruffles up his back an' stalks 'round like a king;
An' the hired man asks sheepish-like if he kin git away
To spend the Christmas with his ma—his gal, he'd better say;
An' the letters come a sailin' in, all full of cheery jokes—
Well, it's pretty nigh the Christmastide which brings home all the folks.

When Christmastide comes rollin' in, it brings my married sons.
There's young Sam, an' Bill, an' John, an' Jed, their wives and little ones.
Yes, an' then my married daughter comes: "Jen an' her three," we say;
We don't darst to mention Jonathan—her husban' passed away—
For Jen's heart is always achin' 'bout those happy bygone years,
An' her eyes is always ready jest to overflow with tears;

Her three girls are reg'lar beauties, an' they comfort her a lot,
But it seems that time nor prayer nor love can heal that tender spot.
So, when Christmas brings the fam'ly home, we all make it a point
Jest to drop some ray of sunshine in this life, so out of joint.
An', at last, young Jim, our college boy, comes home with shiny looks,
With his hair combed high, new-fangled tie, an' pow'rful lot of books.

Though he does 'pear sort of freakish-like, the same good heart's inside;
An' his ma an' me has often had good cause to swell with pride
At the feats he's done in college, where his enemy he "soaks;"—
Oh! there's nothin' like the Christmastide for drawin' home the folks.
On a Christmas eve the family lolls around the sittin' room;
An' the sputt'rin' fire leaps up in tongues an' makes the shadows loom

To the ceilin' high, in spiritual shapes. The children by the fire,
In their mischief way, jump 'round like apes to make the shadows higher.
An' the parents, settin' leisurely in circles round the room,
Sort o' chuckle, while the dancing flames make all their faces bloom.
But when things calm down, the children bring the two big rocking chairs,
An' they make grave little bows and say, "There's but one couple dares

To surmount this throne held sixty years:" then dart for ma an' me,
An' they set us in that central spot and shout: "Our royalty!"
All the mothers hand their little ones to sit on grandpa's knee.
As the infant coos in innocence, I think of its life to be:
Of Time's hand, one span, and then a man with babes that clutch his hair;
In one brief span more, the babes are gone; the nest seems then so bare.

Yes, the old nest seems forsaken when young mate, and take on care.
But a truth there is that lights the way for the old and lonely pair,
An' that truth's as grand and stalwart as the strong and sturdy oaks:
There will always be a Christmastide to bring home all the folks.

Bunkerville, Nevada

Mrs. Annie W. Hafen

EDITORS' TABLE



Dress and Social Practices

For months past it has been noted in all parts of the Church that some of the social practices, particularly in matters of dress and dancing, need to be reformed. The subject has come before the Mutual Improvement organizations on many occasions. From time to time strong efforts of various kinds on the part of presiding authorities have been put forth to remedy the evils; and from the pulpit, indecent dressing and unbecoming positions in the dance have been vigorously condemned. Little improvement in this line has been noticed, however. At the June conference of the M. I. A. the subject was discussed both in the meetings of the young men and of the young ladies, and also in one of the joint meetings in the tabernacle, at which the joint social committee of the young people presented a number of excellent rules and regulations for governing their social gatherings which were adopted and printed in the August numbers of the *Era* and *Journal*, and later presented and adopted in all the fall conventions.

The movement has resulted in much good, and recently the First Presidency were led to take further action that must, if carried out, lead to permanent betterment. They addressed a letter to the General Boards of the Relief Societies, the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primaries, calling attention to the fact that "there exists a pressing need of improvement and reform among our young people, specifically in the matter of dress, and in their social customs and practices," and asking these boards to take such action as shall create reformation along these lines. A copy of the letter was sent to the General Boards of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and the Deseret Sunday School Union, asking for their co-operation and assistance.

A joint committee is at work. With unified plans and a systematic course of action, to be made known from time to time, and all co-operating to accomplish the desired end, good results must follow. We invite every officer, every young man, every young woman, every father and mother to join in the good work, by their influence and example.

It was a wise action to place this reform movement under the immediate charge of the Relief Societies—the mothers in Israel. For upon them, the burden of dress reform, at least, if

not of social dancing, must necessarily rest most effectively. They are the managers, the exemplars, in this matter. It is the home influences that, above all others, should direct in moral, social and dress reforms. The home should lead in the work being done by the organizations which are only auxiliary to the home. They exist for the sole reason that it is necessary that the home should be helped in a great measure in the care and education of the children. Schools are instituted to help the home, not to domineer and direct it. But the home must be what it should be, and not as it is in hundreds of cases. It is almost past belief that there should be mothers who take pride in seeing their daughters go dressed immodestly, if not indecently, but there are such mothers, and their actions are astounding if not excrable.

We complain that our daughters marry men who are not worthy of being married in the only right way—in the temple. The home is at fault. Our daughters are permitted to mingle with men who are not worthy to go into a temple.

We complain that our daughters go, shall I say, half-naked before the public. It is an outrage, and should not be tolerated by Latter-day Saints under any conditions. But the home is at fault again. There is neglect in the home, and the principal part of that neglect, in my opinion, is due to the disregard of the mother, and the crudeness of the care for her daughter.

When my little folks were growing up, I was careful to get my family together and to tuck my boys in bed myself, every night, and see that they were at home. I directed, taught, and watched over them from infancy to manhood, until they could act for themselves. If now one of my boys shall go astray, which the Lord forbid, he will do it on his own responsibility. He has no commission from me to do it; neither any permission by my example, or otherwise. It should be the aim of every father and mother in Israel to constantly teach, guard, and carefully watch that they may have no apologies to make to the world, nor to any living soul on the earth for the conduct of their children.

In this matter of dress and social conduct, then, the mothers, have a deep responsibility, and their great organization—the Relief Society is a fit instrument to bring about reforms by having the mothers make the effort in the homes of the Saints. Let each mother take up the matter in her own home, first. Then, as an officer in her organization, first with herself, then with her neighbor, then with the membership as a whole of that organization. This is a sample for all the auxiliary organizations. Let the officers set the example, or, as Paul says, "Take heed, therefore, to yourselves;" then seek to discipline every member in their own organization to good behavior and decency—"all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers."

Joseph F. Smith.

How the Mutuals May Help

In view of the foregoing writing of President Smith, and also in view of the fact that the Y. M. M. I. Associations have been invited to use their influence towards social reforms, and particularly in the matter of decent conduct in dances, the following excerpt from instructions given to the Superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Church, at a noon luncheon, at the late June M. I. A. conference, are pertinent. President Smith points out the duty of the Young Men and Young Ladies also, in this matter, and shows them what they can do to help, and how they may effectively co-operate with the Church authorities and the home to bring about desired results. Let us all unite in this work and note the good that will come about from our efforts in our holiday recreations, entertainments and dances:

"I would say just a few words. Only a little while ago, I had the pleasure of meeting with the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. We discussed, to some extent, the duties of the Mutual Improvement organizations of the Church, and I believe the general conclusion we reached was that we ought to go to work so that we would be able to discipline every member of a Mutual Improvement organization into good behavior and decency of dress, of conduct in dances, and in public, and in every way; and so educate our Mutual Improvement members that they would not step over the traces, or go beyond the rules of the Mutual Improvement Associations; that they would not go to these dances and participate with those that do not observe the rules of decency; that the Improvement Associations would set the example, and would so fix and determine their actions in regard to rules of decency that they would be an example, a living example, to everybody else.

"Now, I think that is one thing, one good thing that we should do in our Mutual Improvement organizations. Every member should be decent himself, and should set an example himself. There is no use of our trying to do anything for others, of an uplifting character, unless we are in an exemplary position ourselves. We cannot save others, unless by our example and teaching we can show them the way to be saved. So, I think that the Mutual Improvement work in this line should be confined largely to the advancement of Mutual Improvement members. All the members of our Young Men's Board should be decent in all that they have to do. That applies also to all the officers and members of our organizations in all the Church. The same thing should apply to the Young Ladies' Association offi-

cers and members, in regard to their associations with men. They should be careful not to be too free to mingle with men that they do not know; and they should be careful to dress decently, and to avoid coming in contact with men on the dance floor who would not observe the rules that may be established by the organization,—which would be rules of decency and of self-respect and self-preservation.

“I believe that there is a great force that can be brought to bear in that direction, if our Mutual Improvement Associations will take up the work among themselves. In that way they will naturally forge forward in the wards where they live, and in the stakes where they dwell, as leaders in example, and will be chosen by the presidents of stakes and by the bishops as committee men and women to take charge of, or at least to take active and exemplary part in, the amusements of the wards. They would thus be looked up to, sought after; and they will be chosen for that purpose, because they are capable and worthy of being chosen.”

President Francis M. Lyman

On Saturday morning, November 18, 1916, Elder Francis M. Lyman, President of the Council of the Twelve, and a member of the quorum since 1880, died at his home in Salt Lake City. He contracted a cold while attending a conference in Box Elder stake on the 12th, and pneumonia set in, resulting in his sudden and unexpected death. As he had often wished he might do, he died in the midst of his work. He even had a conference appointment for the 19th.

President Lyman was the eldest son of Amasa M. Lyman, and Louisa Maria Tanner, and was born January 12, 1840, in Goodhope, McDonough Co., Illinois. He was one of the stalwart workers in the Church. His record up to 1860 is truly remarkable. He was frontiersman at birth and babyhood; pioneer and teamster at eight; herdsman and cowboy at eleven; learning a trade at thirteen; traversing the trackless deserts of western America as a leader and captain, at sixteen; married at seventeen; exploring the wilds of Colorado at eighteen; a seventy and missionary at twenty; with farming, attending school, presiding over improvement associations, building pioneer cabins, as incidents thrown in here and there between. Later, in Millard county, after his first foreign mission, he represented his county, as legislator, and besides occupied many religious and civil offices. In January, 1877, after his second mission to England, he was called to preside in Tooele where he took leadership among the people religiously and politically until called to the

apostleship, October 10, 1880. From that time on he has been completely devoted to Church work. His travels embrace nearly every city, town and village in the Church, and he has been a familiar figure and speaker in the congregations of the Saints everywhere. In 1883 he filled a remarkable mission to the Indians in the Uintah reservation. In 1901, he was called to preside over the European mission, and while there visited many countries including Russia.

President Lyman was a kind friend, a man with a great heart and full of solicitude for the people, individually and as a whole, as well as for his personal friends who now by the thousands mourn for him. If he seemed stern at times, it was because he could not tolerate evil. He was loyal to the cause of God. He was a fighter, where fighting was needed, but his campaigns were conducted under the spirit of love and the inspiration of the Lord. He was a successful adjuster of difficulties, a trusted leader, a true exemplar and counselor, a father indeed among the people, beloved by all.

Messages from the Missions

Marked Success in St. Louis

Elder Spencer W. Kimball, conference president, St. Louis, Missouri, October 13: "The Missouri conference of the Central States mission has a large company of energetic elders and lady missionaries who are working early and late to expound the truths of "Mormonism." Two or three nights each week the voices of the elders are heard on the streets of St. Louis cry-



ing repentance to the passing crowds. Marked success has attended the meetings. Books of Mormon are sold at nearly every meeting. Cottage gatherings are also held and friends are here made of many who were one time enemies. Equally zealous are the elders in the country, sixteen of whom are traveling practically without money. When our new Church is completed with its baptismal font, we look for many new baptisms. The *Era*, which we eagerly look for each month, is a great help to us in our missionary work. One of my investigators says that the stories and articles are the best she ever had. The names of the laborers follow:

"Back row: J. M. Rogers, J. H. Hall, D. W. Neibaur, C. J. Stolorthy, O. C. Hall, J. A. Filler, O. Hutchinson, C. W. Hubbard, A. W. Armstrong; middle row: A. D. Hirschi, L. M. Hawkes, Eva Dye, W. E. Thomas, J. L. Tidwell, J. F. Seeley, C. C. Flint, Fern Riches, H. A. Tangren, L. Houtz; front row: A. D. Carter, L. R. Chritchfield, N. J. Wadsworth, Dora Jones, Conference President S. W. Kimball, Nettie Rose, L. H. Brimhall, Edward Christensen, C. N. Sparks; seated in front. L. E. Anderson and B. Rees."

Preaching in the Streets Again

Elder H. C. Holbrook of Auckland, New Zealand, writes, August 16. "We are putting more elders and more time into European work than has been done here for many years. We are again preaching on the streets. This is the first time we have had this privilege since the elder was killed while street preaching, about twelve years ago. We have not been molested nor disturbed, but the people do not look for religion now, much less for American 'Mormons'!"



The L. D. S. Office Force at Chicago

Office force, Chicago, left to right, back row: C. L. Cottrell, shipping clerk, Salt Lake City; N. C. Poulsen, mission secretary, Richfield, Utah; D. R. Stone, bookkeeper, Teton, Idaho; Hedwick Borg, Salt Lake City, stenographer; Loretta Merrill, tithing clerk, Richmond, Utah.

St. Johns, Arizona; William Parley Meldrum, Raymond, Canada; and Dan M. Dalton, Manassa, Colorado.

Native Maoris as Missionaries

Elders M. W. Moody, Masterton, New Zealand, September 12, writes: "This picture represents a number of the Maori brethren who are taking an active part in the promulgation of the gospel among their own people. Left to right, back: Tamati Ihaka, Arapta Te Maori, Elder M. P. Geddes, Stuart Mcha, Louis Lenfere, Wia Duncan, William Murphy, George Watene, Joe Brown; middle row: Tamihana TeAweawe, Ratima Pakai, Luxford Peeti, Elders L. J. Decker, M. W. Moody, conference president; J. M. Lambert, mission president; H. A. Hinckley; J. W. Burke; To Ko Te Maari, Takerei



Ihaia, Wiremu Duncan, Rangakawea; Lottom row: James Elkington, Tukaraitiana, Henare Pohatu, Niki Paewai, Moni Taurau, Moku Takerei, Wiremurenata, Kaki Matena. They are called out for a term of three months to various villages to visit on the same Sunday each month for three successive months. They hold meetings and preach the gospel to many whom we elders are unable to reach. At the end of each term a quarterly Priesthood conference is held in which the brethren report their labors and they are appointed to another place for the next term. These brethren take great pride and interest in the performance of their calling and look forward to the Priesthood meetings, when they can report their labors. Their anxiety in this respect reminds one very much of the great desire that the four sons of Mosiah had to preach the gospel to their Lamanite brethren. The picture was taken at one of our Priesthood conferences held September 3 in Wairarapa. A very interesting but rare fact about this conference is that the people of this village nearly all belong to other denominations. The chief asked that our conference be held among his people, and he threw open their chapel to us to hold our meetings in. The chapel belongs to the Church of England. The people chose a committee to arrange for the accommodation of the visitors and worked as if they were real Latter-day Saints. Many people were present, both Saints and investigators. We feel that the Lord is blessing us with our labors in this part of the South Sea islands and we hope that in the near future bounteous harvests will be reaped."



PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

How to Teach

By Elder David O. McKay

[At the late conference of the Church, Elder McKay spoke on the divinity and grandeur of the Church organization, and the great responsibility of teachers therein. Referring to Paul's farewell address to the Ephesian elders at Miletus, he quoted as his text Paul's admonition to these teachers of the people: "Take heed, therefore, to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For know this, that after my departing, shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." Referring to the importance of the calling of the teacher and his duties he enlarged upon the need of preparation by the teachers, and how they were to teach. We quote as follows]:

"The first thing to do, my brethren, is to look to yourselves, to see whether or not you are prepared to teach. No man can teach that which he himself does not know. It is your duty to teach that Jesus Christ is the redeemer of the world, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that to him in this last dispensation there appeared God the Father and his Son in person. Do you believe it? Do you feel it? Does that testimony radiate from your being when you enter into the home? If so, that radiation will give life to the people whom you go to teach. If not, there will be a dearth, a drouth, a lack of that spiritual environment in which the Saints grow.

"Second, Is your heart free from backbiting, from fault-finding, from hard feelings one to another? It is your duty, to see that there is no backbiting, that there is no iniquity existing in the Church. You can teach effectively only that which you yourselves feel. Part of the preparation of a teacher consists in freeing his own heart from those things. In doing so follow the advice of one good writer who says: 'In the very depths of your soul dig a grave; let it be as some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in the eternal silence bury the wrongs which you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a load had fallen from it and a divine peace come to abide with you.' With that divine peace in your soul go into the homes and teach the people.

"But that condition is but the beginning. Three other things should be kept in mind for thorough preparation. The first is a *knowledge of those whom you are to teach*; the second, a *knowledge of what you are to teach*; and third, a *knowledge* as much as may be obtained at least by thoughtful consideration and prayer, of *how you are going to teach*.

"I have never understood just why we have limited our duties of teacher to a visit once a month. A visit is not teaching. Reading the outline as prepared by the bishop or the high council is not teaching. Just repeating some passages of scripture, or merely the telling of something to the members of the family in a home is not teaching. Teaching is the awakening of thought in the minds of those whom we visit, and the convincing of their souls of the truth of the message that we bring to them. There must be giving and receiving, a reciprocal condition.

"How necessary it is, then, to know those whom we teach! No two families in any district are alike. I call to mind now one group of six families, one member of which is a patriarch in the Church, living in the

sunset of a faithful life with his daughter, a teacher in the public schools, and a grand-daughter, a student in the high school. On the same block next to him, reside a young couple, who have but recently joined the Church. The girl had grown up in our communities, but she had not joined the Church until recently. Two of their little children are also baptized. Across the street reside a widow and her daughter, the daughter a typist in one of the business offices of the city, and the other three families present conditions just as varying. Brethren, the message, and particularly the manner of presenting that message, might not be the same when given to one who had spent his life in faithful labor in the Church, as when given to those who are newly converted. As each family is different from another so each individual in the family differs from others, so our messages and our methods, particularly our methods of presentation, might vary. I cite this just to impress us with this thought, that it is our duty to know those whom we are going to teach. That is one reason, I think, why the Lord says: 'It is the duty of the teacher to watch over the Church always.' Not just once a month but always a teacher; no hour in the day when you are free from that responsibility. There is no day in the week when you are free, and when you should not feel it your duty to do something, if possible, to make that group of members in the Church better and happier.

"What you are to teach is the gospel of Jesus Christ. When the bishop gives you any special message—tithing, for example, study that principle, first by 'taking heed unto yourself' to see if you can teach it consistently. If it be prayer, 'take heed unto yourself' in regard to prayer. Do you get down on your knees before you go out to teach that message? Do you study some boy who is a little questionable in his life to know just what attitude he will take towards prayer? Do you pray for God to inspire you to say something to lead such a one to see the necessity of prayer?

"O teachers, yours is an important calling! God help you to be true to it, to feel that part of the responsibility of carrying on God's work, in this the last dispensation, rests upon you.

"Even after you have studied your groups as indicated or just hinted at here, and presented your message in the most effective manner you are capable of, your duty is not ended. President Lund, I think, referred to the light attendance at some of our sacrament meetings. You carry the responsibility, teachers, of seeing to it that members of the Church attend to sacrament meeting. How can you teach that duty effectively unless you yourself be present, that you may be able intelligently to commend those in your district who are in attendance, and to teach those who are absent?

"Just a word to the bishops. I believe that teaching will be more effective in the Church if you will call your priesthood to you, and point out to them in meeting, after prayer, in humility, what it means for them to go out from house to house as your representatives. Don't just call them somewhat indifferently from the pulpit, and make an assignment in an indefinite way; but rather there in your bishop's meeting tell them individually what it means to be a teacher, ask them if they will stand by you in your efforts to uphold the standard of the Church. When you have occasion to release them, do it in a dignified and honorable manner, by telling them how you appreciate what they have done, and why they are at present released."

Visiting Every Family

By H. R. Merrill, Instructor in English, Oneida Academy

The preliminaries of the high council meeting were over when President Joseph S. Geddes, of the Oneida stake, arose and smiled the slow smile which his friends and co-workers have come to recognize as the harbinger of some important communication.

"Brethren," he said, "the presidency of the stake have decided that there is no valid reason why every family in this stake cannot be visited once every month by the ward teachers. Our past experience has taught us that when we make an effort we can get a full report from the teachers. For the next year, we expect to make such an effort once every month. We have placed this work in the hands of President Taylor Nelson (second counselor to the president), and if we are not greatly mistaken in Brother Nelson we'll get that one hundred per cent,—we expect you brethren to go out and help us get it."

As the president sat down, a smile flickered over the faces of the assembled brethren. In their minds they were reviewing the difficulties that would arise, and, shall I say it, many of them thought that perhaps the president had requested the impossible. I, myself, was one of the most doubtful. I took careful note of President Nelson, his serious eyes and square jaws, reviewed mentally my knowledge of the man. Then the smile faded from my face, as it did from the faces of my companions, for I felt that we were in the presence of a great resolve backed by an unswerving man. I felt that those reports must be forthcoming.

Then I mentally reviewed the months. Some would be stormy, cold, and disagreeable; some, warm and pleasant, filled full and brimming over with work. But through them all, I felt that the teaching must go on. The plow must be left in the furrow, the hay in the field, when duty called.

The plan was formulated, and each man was given his part to perform. On the third Sunday of each month, without fail or faltering, each member of the High Council was to visit an appointed ward to receive the report of the teachers and to encourage them in their work. He was to be accompanied by some brother appointed to that duty. If any district in the ward were reported unvisited the high counselor was to see that the said district was visited before the Thursday following the third Sunday, in order that the report might be given in full to President Nelson. Each high counselor was given to understand that if the bishop failed in getting the visiting done, the duty rested upon the high counselor himself.

This system was adopted over two years ago, and since that time the report has been full and complete each month. The high counselors have set a worthy example of loyalty to duty. No day has been too stormy, no roads too bad, no distance too far for them to fill their appointments. Rare are the teachers meetings in this stake which have not been attended by these faithful brethren. Once or twice misunderstandings have resulted in unfilled appointments, but the record has been remarkable.

The bishops of the wards deserve great praise for the manner in which they have supported this move. Every bishop has felt that the teacher's work is of paramount importance.

Oneida stake is not yet perfect, neither is the teaching done by the teachers all that could be desired, but a marked improvement is shown in general conditions. There is a spirit of harmony and of brotherly kindness existing among our people that is worth all the effort the work has cost.

This month, October, at the teachers' meeting in one ward, there were present twenty-five teachers—the entire corps—the bishopric, and the ward clerk. Twenty-five strong, enthusiastic men were present in the sacrament meeting; twenty-five earnest teachers were ready to go out into the homes of the Saints of that ward with a renewed spirit, a message of cheer. All of our wards have not, as yet, reached that stage of efficiency, but they are all on the right road.

Now that teaching is no longer a burden, the authorities may turn their attention to other things, not forgetting, of course, to keep every part of the wonderful machine in perfect working order.

In ward teaching, method wins; and ward teaching is the most important activity in the Church. It purifies, sweetens, and makes glad the home. It strengthens the young, and cheers the aged. It keeps the fires of faith burn-

ing brightly in the hearts of a great people. It makes the Church the hope of the world.

Helps for Instructors of Deacons

By P. Joseph Jensen

LESSON 34

Aim (to instructor only): Lesson thirty-four relates how President Jedediah M. Grant allowed himself to be tested concerning the method that "Mormon" elders are taught to preach. He accepts a kind of challenge. He also accepts a challenge to debate. The aim of the lesson may be to help to make clear to the minds of the students that great wisdom needs to be used in accepting challenges.

In order to give the deacons an opportunity to tell what they already know about it, ask such a question as the following: Under what circumstances may the Lord help us fulfil a challenge that we have accepted?

Study the lesson.

What did the people challenge President Grant to do? What was the result? Study the challenge Satan made to our Savior in the first and second temptations, according to Matt. 4.1-7. Help the students to understand that Satan desired Christ to use his divine power to no righteous purpose. Judging from the answers that our Savior gave to Satan, when should we not try to use the power of the Lord?

Read and tell the meaning of Doc. and Cov. 121:41. Answer the question of the lesson.

LESSONS 35 AND 36

(The aim of these two lessons is the same; namely, to strengthen the determination of the students to remain true to the servants of the Lord, when opposite temptations come.)

Problem: What do you think proves whether we are loyal to the servants of the Lord, or not?

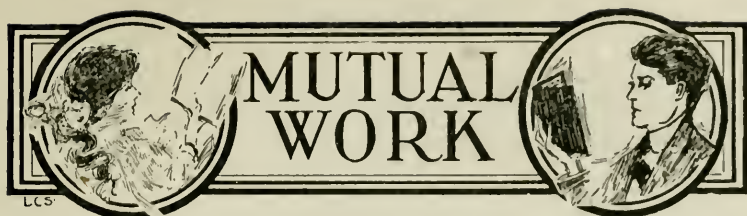
If a seatmate in school cheats, and you know it, what is the right thing for you to do, to be true to him? What tempts you to shield him?

Study the lesson.

What hardships did Porter Rockwell endure in the effort of his enemies to get him to turn traitor to the Prophet Joseph Smith? What temptations did they place before him, in the midst of these hardships? How did he treat those temptations? Answer the general question of the lesson.

Note on Music

Professor Evan Stephens, who is at present in New York, writes us that in the song, "The Cheery Smile," which appeared in the October number of the *Era*, the first notes in measures 1, 2, 9, 10, 25 and 26 (counting the full measure as No. 1), should have sharps before both alto and soprano; that is, it should read G sharp in the soprano and E sharp in the alto in each of the three places where this phrase occurs. Also that in measure 32 the soprano should slur up to A and the alto to F sharp on the word "day."



Stake Committee

Efficiency Reports

The attention of stake superintendents and Y. M. M. I. A. officers in general is called to the efficiency report which begins in this number of the *Era* and will be printed each month for the season. The present report covers October, and it will be noticed by the officers that only four stakes throughout the Church were heard from for that month, namely, Alpine, Cache, Pioneer, and Salt Lake. It is of great importance that stake officers shall insist upon receiving from the wards these reports regularly by the first of each month. Each stake should then report promptly to Secretary Moroni Snow, no later than the 10th of each month. The report in the January number of the *Era* will cover the month of November, and we desire to hear from every stake in the Church. We congratulate the four stakes who have reported, and while their reports are not complete, for so early in the season they do well to show efficiency in four or five activities out of the ten. By next month we should have a complete report from the stakes that have not reported, and at least a good showing from the other stakes of Zion. Blanks for ward and stake reports may be obtained on application to the *Era* office.

Suggestive Preliminary Programs

(As presented in late M. I. A. Conventions)

General Topic, "Mountains."

Song, "High on the mountain top."

"Benefits Derived from the Mountains," talk (5 minutes).

Duet and song, "Proud, yes proud of our home in the mountains."

Reading from Tell's address: "I'm with you once again."

Solo, "Thy will be done."

Hymn, "On the mountain tops appearing"

General Topic, "The Hawaiian People," talk (10 minutes).

Song, Hawaiian.

Hawaiian instrumental duet.

Song solo, "Aloha Oe"

General Topic, "The Cary Sisters."

Sketch of the life of Alice and Phoebe Cary (10 minutes).

Reading, "An Order for a Picture" and "Overpayment."

Ladies' Quartet, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Special Activities

List of Dramas

These plays may be used for scoring points in special activities contest:

"The Amazons," by Pinero; 3 acts, 7 males, 5 females; 50c. W. H. Baker & Co., Boston, Mass. Royalty, \$10.00.

"A Rose o' Plymouth Town," by Dix and Sutherland; 4 acts, 4 males, 4 females; 50c. Dramatic Publishing Co., Chicago. Royalty, \$10.00.

"Mr. Bob," by R. E. Baker; 3 acts, 3 males, 4 females; 15c.

"A Box of Monkeys," by Grace Furness; 2 acts, 2 males, 3 females; 15c.

"Daddy," comedy in 3 acts, 4 males, 4 females; 25c.

"The Old New Hampshire Home," by Dumont; 3 acts, 7 males, 4 females; 25c.

"Rebecca's Triumph," 3 acts, 16 females; 25c.

"The Neighbors," by Zona Gale; written for the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, in behalf of a better dramatic art; very good; 1 act, 2 males, 6 females.

See also list of dramas in *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook* for 1915. These may be used for scoring points.

(Note.—The first two plays listed above are royalty plays. Ward associations desiring to present them must write to the publishers, asking permission to do so and paying the royalties named. All of these plays are carried by the Deseret News Book Store, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Eliminate the smoking in "A Box of Monkeys."

Books of Reference for Declamations.

The Special Activities Committee does not urge any association to purchase books specially for declamations. Many can secure the books listed (see October *Era* and *Journal*) in school or public libraries; those who cannot obtain them thus easily may substitute other selections than those suggested. No better ones can be found than "Paul's Defense Before Agrippa," the "Twenty-third Psalm," and others from the Bible.

Athletics and Scout Work

To Scout Officials

The Scout activities are a part of Mutual Improvement work, and are under the direction and supervision of the Y. M. M. I. A. stake and ward officers.

All Y. M. M. I. A. officers should know in a general way what Scout work is. A Stake Deputy Scout Commissioner should be appointed to look after the work in the stake.

The following literature is recommended:

The *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, second edition, price 25 cents single copy, \$2.40 per dozen, postpaid; on sale only at the *Era* Office.

Hand Book for Boys, 15th edition, price 35 cents, postpaid,

Hand Book for Scout Masters, price 60 cents, postpaid.

American Red Cross, abridged text-book on First Aid; price 35 cents, postpaid.

The last three books mentioned may be obtained through your local book stores, The Deseret News Book Store, The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, Salt Lake City; Boy Scouts of America, No. 200 Fifth Ave., New York. On request, the National Headquarters will mail catalogue of other scout literature.

Troop Registration

The minimum registration fee of \$3 is required from each troop, even though there are less than twelve boys enrolled. However, when there are less than twelve boys enrolled, additional boys may be registered at any time within one year from the date of registration up to twelve boys, without the payment of additional dues. If there are more than twelve boys, 25 cents additional to the \$3 must be paid for each boy to be enrolled. This fee is entirely independent and separate from the M. I. A. annual 25-cent fund.

See *Hand Book*, M. I. A. The fees must accompany the scout master's national application blank. Checks or money orders should be made payable to John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner.

Under no circumstances can a boy be enrolled as a member of a troop who has not passed his twelfth birthday.

Cost of Registration for Scout Officials

The stake deputy scout commissioner pays one dollar annually, which amount also entitles him to *Boys' Life* and *Scouting*.

The ward scout master is not required to pay for his registration, and receives *Boys' Life* and *Scouting* free.

The assistant ward scout master must pay 25 cents annually, and will receive *Scouting* free.

The Boy Scout plan is not military. It teaches, however, patriotism, chivalry, and advocates universal peace.

Commence with the tenderfoot requirements. Do not undertake at the beginning to give the boys everything in scoutcraft. Work into the program games, hikes and other outdoor activities. Finish tenderfoot requirements before taking up second and first class requirements.

Emphasize the Scout promise, the Scout law, the Scout motto, "Be Prepared," and the "Daily Good Turn." These are the big things in scoutcraft.

Examinations should be both written and oral. Never let a boy slip through; make him come up to a high standard. For Tenderfoot examination questions see *M. I. A. Hand Book*, second edition.

These examinations should not be given by the scout master to his own troop, but should be given under the direction of the stake deputy scout commissioner. See instructions in *M. I. A. Hand Book*.

Write to Dr. John H. Taylor for further information on scout work.

M. I. A. Scout Rescues Burning Child

M. O. Maughan, Scout Master, Troop No. 4, American Fork, Utah, and J. M. Walker, president of the Y. M. M. I. A. there, sent the *Era* an account of the personal experience of a boy scout named Francis Hutchings. The young man was on his way to a Hallowe'en party with a number of other boys. As the company passed a home where five or six children were playing, they heard a shrill scream from a child, and looking back they saw a mass of flames issuing from the house. Hutchings jumped the fence shouting, "There is a child on fire!" He pulled his coat off as he ran, and when he reached the little one she was about to fall. He threw his coat about her to smother the flames, and carried her into the house and stripped the clothing from her body. Mrs. Binns, a neighbor, threw a bucket of water on the child wetting Hutchings all over. Two doctors were summoned who found the mother crazed with grief and fear. Hutchings did all he could to help the child and the mother, and then went to the party where it was discovered that his hands were hurt slightly with bad burns. On Sunday he returned to visit the home where the little girl died, just five minutes after he had entered. The flames started in this way: the little girl had an Indian suit on, with the sleeves decorated with cotton fringe. The jack-o'-lantern in her hand held a lighted candle. The blaze from the candle caught the fringe and set her clothes afire. The doctors said she would have died within three minutes after the fire started, had there not been someone to douse it. She lived twenty-four hours after the accident—heart trouble from the shock, and not the burns, having killed her. Young Hutchings lost four days' from work, until his hands and arms were well.

PASSING EVENTS

A Sea Battle in the English channel between German and English vessels resulted in the loss of several ships on October 27.

The Mexican-American Joint Commission, on Nov. 13, came near an agreement providing for the withdrawal of the American punitive expedition.

Exportations of War Supplies from New York for the nine months ending September 31 amounted to \$997,970,000, which was more than twenty-five per cent of the country's total export trade for the same period.

A Snow Storm in early November deposited considerable snow in the mountains, and a number of automobiles were caught in the storm on November 6, near Gogorza, between Salt Lake and Park City, and had to be abandoned in the snow.

Professor Meunsterberg recently stated that unless peace is shortly made, there is likely to be an alliance between Germany, Austria, Russia, and Japan to supersede the present national groupings, the aim being to crush Great Britain and divide its empire.

A Christmas Ship sails from New York December 1, carrying three thousand tons of food, and one thousand tons of clothing for war sufferers in Armenian Syria. Beirut, Syria, is the destination of the ship. The ship sails under the auspices of the American National Red Cross.

The First Squadron of Utah Cavalry was mustered out of service at Fort Douglas on November 10, after completing nearly four months in the federal service on the Mexican border. In the first squadron of Utah cavalry there were 282 Utah boys who returned to civil life on that date.

The National Bank Reports, September 12, showed a total resource of \$4,411,000,000, or \$216,000,000 greater than ever before in our nation's history. The total deposits amounted to \$11,362,000,000, or \$227,000,000 greater than ever before. The loans and discounts were \$7,859,000,000, the largest amount ever known.

Virginia Established Prohibition on the 31st of October, that being the last day upon which intoxicating liquor could be sold in that state. About eight hundred saloons closed their doors when the new law went into effect. This makes the eighteenth state to close the saloon, and among those who have declared for prohibition are Utah and Montana.

The National Election, on November 7, resulted in the re-election of President Woodrow Wilson, the popular vote in favor of Mr. Wilson over Mr. Hughes, Republican, being estimated at 403,000 at this writing. Utah, went Democratic by an overwhelming majority, the final count doubtless giving Wilson about 30,000 majority over Mr. Hughes.

Mrs. Sophronia Mallet was elected recorder of Tooele county at the recent election. She is the first woman Socialist to be elected to public

office in Utah. She received a majority of 23. Mrs. Mallet is a native of Salt Lake City, her parents being Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Peart. She had the endorsement of the Democratic and Progressive parties of Tooele county.

The Late President John Taylor's 108th anniversary was celebrated November 1, in the Granite Stake tabernacle, by a reunion of about 300 members of the family. Keeping alive the names of the valiant men of the Church by reunions of their descendants is not only highly commendable, but very beneficial to those who take part, in that it turns the hearts of the children to the fathers.

President Joseph F. Smith was the guest of honor at a brilliant reception attended by between three and four hundred close friends and Church officials at his home on Monday, November 13, the occasion being the celebration of his seventy-eighth anniversary. He received hearty and well-earned congratulations not only from his visitors but by telegrams from friends in all parts of the country.

The "Deutschland" arrived at New London, U. S. A., November 1, with its second valuable cargo of chemicals and dye stuffs, valued at approximately ten million dollars. Captain Paul Koenig was once more successful in evading the blockade. A companion merchant submarine has been built in Germany to take the place of the *Bremen*, which was lost on its way to America some weeks ago. On the 17th the *Deutschland* sank one of the tugs, by accident, that was leading it out to sea on its return to Germany. Five men on the tug were drowned, and the submarine returned to port.

Conscription in Australia was defeated in an election on October 28, when, out of a vote of nearly two millions, the majority against conscription was about one hundred thousand. It is reported that the action of labor leaders, the Roman Catholic church, and largely the votes of the women, were instrumental in defeating the measure that Premier William M. Hughes had labored so hard to pass.

Utah, according to the latest census, has 128,344 children of school age, out of which number 635 are colored, including negro and mostly Indian children. The net increase of children for the year is 3,399 over last year. According to Dr. Gowans' report, 110,773 are attending public schools; 2,867, private schools, and 14,704 no school at all. There are 64,656 boys and 63,688 girls in the state of school age.

The British Blacklisting of certain American business houses still continues. On October 28 the British reply to the American note of protest reached Washington. It refused assent to the American contention, but offered methods of relief in the administration of the order. In a note of November 14, the British reply considers the blacklist a proper munition regulation, justified by emergency and designed to shorten the war.

Count Steurgkh, the Austrian premier, was fatally shot by Friedrie Adler, a Socialist editor, on the 21st of October. The murderer declared that he did the act because the count had refused to convoke the Austrian parliament since the war began, and was tyrannical in government. The Austrian premier, however, is a domestic official, and has little or nothing to do with the foreign policies of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The November 7 General Election in Utah resulted in a complete victory for the Democratic party. Simon Bamberger, Democrat, was elected governor with a majority of about 20,000 over Nephi L. Morris, Republican.

William H. King was elected senator, vice George Sutherland, by a majority of about 17,000. The Republican representatives, T. C. Hoyt and Charles R. Mabey, were defeated by the Democratic representatives, James H. Mays and Milton H. Welling, by large majorities.

The Wheat Crop of the world is said to be seven per cent below the average and twenty-five per cent below that of last year, and it is stated that the shortage is even greater than that in the United States. There was some talk in the latter part of October of starting a movement to bring about an embargo on the exportation of wheat. The American wheat harvest is smaller this year than last by many million bushels. The corn crop is estimated in this country at 2,717,000,000 as against a crop of 3,054,000,000 last year.

Died.—Henry Coulam, in Salt Lake City, November 5. He was a pioneer of 1849, and an Indian war veteran. He was born in England in March, 1842.

John H. Dewey, pioneer of 1847, Salt Lake City, November 5; born in Westfield Massachusetts, February, 1832, and came to Utah two months after the first pioneers.

Edwin J. Ward, a leading business man of Utah county, in Provo, November 9, age 74 years. He came to Utah October 17, 1862.

Charles T. Russell, the well-known leader of the Millennial Dawn sect, in New York, October 31.

Mrs. Eliza Ballantyne Garner, fifty years of age, was killed in an accident with an electric washer, at Plain City, Utah, on the afternoon of October 23. She was the wife of Bishop Henry J. Garner, and a sister of Mrs. Edward H. Anderson. She is survived by seven children. The funeral was held on the 27th of October, at Plain City, at which President Lewis W. Shurtliff of the Weber stake, Elder David O. McKay of the Council of the Twelve, Counselor F. W. Stratford, of the North Weber stake, and several other leading brethren attended and spoke. Mrs. Garner was highly respected, and was a faithful Church worker in the Primary and other organizations of the Church for many years.

The Great War's Cost in money is referred to in the *Literary Digest* for November 11 from which it appears that the direct military cost of the war for three years is estimated for the central allies at \$27,750,000,000, or \$118.10 per capita; and for all belligerents \$75,950,000,000, or \$163.30 per capita. The daily cost for the entente allies is about seventy million dollars, and for the central allies thirty-five millions. The belligerents are obtaining about half of these huge sums by private loans from their own people, the remainder from allied governments or peoples, or from the people of neutral nations. Since the beginning of the war the United States has loaned more than \$1,500,000,000 to the warring nations.

Dr. Percival Lowell, founder and director of the Lowell Observatory, of Flagstaff, Arizona, and an astronomer of international reputation, died at Flagstaff, November 12, from apoplexy. He was born in Boston, March 13, 1855. He established the observatory in Arizona, in 1894, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. He was perhaps best known because of his theory and argument that Mars is inhabited. He announced that Mars was inhabited, and that through his observations he had discovered vegetation there, and artificial canals. He graduated from Harvard when he was twenty-one. During his life several astronomical expeditions were organized by him, including one to Tripoli, in 1900; and to the Andes mountains to photograph Mars, in 1907. He was the author of many works on astronomy, and a frequent contributor to scientific publications.

Germany has instituted a system of exporting Belgian men. It was reported on the 13th of November that the pope, at Rome, would protest against the deportation. Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, issued a protest on November 13 to the civilized world against the deporting of Belgians to Germany for forced labor. The American charge at Berlin told Germany that the United States objects to the coercion of Belgians which had reached such serious proportions that on the 14th the matter was taken up with Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. The deportations are viewed by some in the United States as not only violations of international law, but in a degree as violations of Germany's assurances to Ambassador Gerard last June, which, though relating to twenty thousand French women and girls deported from Lille and other parts, are felt to be applicable to the Belgian situation.

Poland Re-born. By manifesto of Emperor Wilhelm of Germany and of Francis Joseph, the ancient kingdom of Poland was recalled into existence on November 5, according to telegram from Warsaw. Thousands were gathered in the old Polish capitol to attend the ceremony of what was designated as "the re-birth of the Polish nation," after its long sleep of more than a century. Precisely at noon, General von Beseler mounted the dais in the gala ballroom of the old Jagellonian castle, and in the name of Germany's sovereign read the imperial manifesto in ringing, soldierly tones. Then came cheers from the gathered crowd for Poland, for Emperor William of Germany, Emperor Francis Joseph, and for Germany and for the Germans. A telegram from Berlin, dated November 11, apparently discloses the reasons for the declaration and for the setting up of the kingdom. On that date an Austro-German proclamation to the Poles, calling upon them to volunteer for the new Polish army, to serve in intimate association with the armies of central powers, was published at Warsaw and Lublin.

The Sugar Factories of Utah and Idaho recently distributed for the farmers about \$3,500,000 for beets. The beet seed culture in Idaho was very successful, and Manager Thomas R. Cutler of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, reported that the experiments to grow beet seed there were more than satisfactory. He foreshadowed the time soon to come when the United States will be an exporter instead of an importer of beet seed. According to a dispatch from Washington, November 14, the importation of sugar beet seeds into the United States for the nine months ending with September was 18,500,000 pounds, the greatest part coming from Russia. The importance of beet seed culture is therefore apparent. The cold spell of November 11-16, struck Colorado, Montana, Idaho and Utah with great severity, putting a temporary stop to beet digging everywhere, the thermometer reaching as low as five degrees below zero in Idaho and nine above in the lower valleys of Utah. Approximately twenty per cent of the beet crops in Idaho, and twenty-five per cent in Utah, with a still heavier percentage in Colorado, were undug at the time the frost came.

George H. Crosby, prominent as a pioneer, colonizer, bishop and patriarch in Utah, Arizona and Wyoming, died at St. George, Utah, on Tuesday, October 10, 1916. He was born in Kennebec county, Maine, on the 25th of October, 1846, and came with his father, Jesse W. Crosby, with the second company of Utah pioneers to the Salt Lake Valley, September 25, 1847. He lived in the Seventeenth ward till 1861, when he went to help settle St. George. At twenty three years of age, he was called to Hebron ward, St. George stake, as bishop. After being burned out there by an outlaw, a second call sent him to Leeds, Utah, as bishop. His third call was to Round Valley, Apache county, Arizona, where he served as bishop four-

teen years, founding the town of Eagar. In 1899, he was called to be bishop—a fourth time—of Torrey, Wayne county, Utah. He later moved to and helped to settle the Bighorn Basin in Wyoming, where he served as the first patriarch of the Bighorn stake. He served with distinction in the early Indian wars of southern Utah, as sheriff and selectman of Washington county, Utah, and as a member of Arizona's eighteenth territorial legislature, in 1895. He is believed to have served as the bishop of more wards than any other bishop of the Church, serving nearly thirty-three years in all.

The G. A. R. New Headquarters, at the state capitol building, Salt Lake City, was formally opened on Tuesday, November 14. Colonel H. W. Charter, Sandy, Utah, who has taken quite an interest in the boy scout movement, in aiding the boys of that section to familiarize themselves with the different ceremonies and with the proper respect due to the colors, invited the M. I. A. Boy Scouts of Sandy to be present at the opening and to furnish a part of the program. Thirty members responded, including Scout Master Arthur E. Peterson and Deputy Scout Commissioner A. R. Gardner of Jordan stake. The troop has a fine orchestra of about fifteen members, who furnished music. A squad of five members explained and gave demonstrations of proper respect due the flag and how it should be raised and lowered on different occasions. The troop also repeated the Scout Promise and gave their scout yells. The boys received complimentary responses from members of the G. A. R. The gathering was addressed also by Orson Ryan, superintendent of the Jordan school district; Dr. E. G. Gowans, state superintendent of public instruction, and Dr. John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout Commissioner. Their remarks centered principally upon love and devotion to country; real, sincere appreciation of our nation; unity, brotherly love, peace and good will to all men.

Submarine Warfare Very Active.—The American steamer *Columbian* was reported sunk November 11. The crew arrived at Corunna, Spain, in life boats. The *Columbian* left New York October 18, bound for Genoa, and was owned by the American-Hawaiian Steamship company, being built in San Francisco, in 1907. She had a crew of 113 officers and men. Several other steamers were sunk during the early part of November, among them the Danish steamer *Freija* was sunk by a German submarine. The British steamer *Arabia* was sunk, November 6, in the Mediterranean. Paul R. Danner, an American passenger, was on board bound for Marseilles. He says there was no warning whatever. Mr. Danner is a Harvard graduate, who has been engaged in Young Men's Christian Association work in India. He was returning to his home from India. German submarines, late in October and during November, sank many British ships, among them the *Marino* and the *Rowanmore*, both of which had Americans on board. The Allies were harassed in all the seas by submarines, which showed unusual activity. At least ten vessels were sunk. Up to October 27 it was reported that 268,000 tons of Norwegian shipping had been sunk by German submarines. Norway has forbidden belligerent submarines to enter Norwegian waters except in cases of emergency. Germany has protested against this order, on the ground that Norway's conduct was unneutral. German submarines sank nearly twenty Norwegian steamships, barks and other craft during the week ending November 9. Holland has notified the powers that it will treat submarine merchantment as it does other merchantmen, and that military submarines will be treated like other warships. This is substantially the policy of the United States, notwithstanding Britain objected to the landing of the *Deutschland* in the ports of the United States.

General Efficiency Report of Y. M. M. I. A. for October, 1916

STAKES	Member- ship	Average Attend- ance	Special Activities	Scout Work	Social Work	ERA	Fund	Vocations and Industries	Stake Board Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings
Alberta			10	10	10	10			10	
Alpine										
Bannock										
Bear Lake										
Bear River										
Beaver										
Benson										
Big Horn										
Bingham										
Blackfoot										
Boise										
Box Elder										
Cache			10	10	10			10	10	
Carbon										
Cassia										
Cottonwood										
Curlew										
Davis North										
Davis South										
Deseret										
Duchesne										
Emery										
Ensign										
Fremont										
Granite										
Hyrum										
Jordan										
Juab										
Kanab										
Liberty										
Malad										
Maricopa										
Millard										
Moapa										
Morgan										
Nebo										
North Sanpete										
North Weber										
Ogden										
Oneida										
Panguitch										
Parowan										
Pioneer			10		10				10	10
Pocatello										
Portneuf										
Raft River										
Rigby										
Salt Lake				10	10				10	10
St. George										
St. Johns										
St. Joseph										
San Juan										
San Luis										
Sevier										
Shelley										
Snowflake										
South Sanpete										
Star Valley										
Summit										
Taylor										
Teton										
Tooele										
Uintah										
Union										
Utah										
Wasatch										
Wayne										
Weber										
Woodruff										
Yellowstone										
Young										

A stake report should be sent to the Secretary of the General Board, 21 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by the 10th of each month, to be published monthly in the ERA. When no report is received it is so stated in the space after the name of the stake. When the report shows that the requirements in General Efficiency have been reached, it is indicated by placing 10 in the proper space. When stakes are below in General Efficiency requirements, it is indicated by a blank. (See IMPROVEMENT ERA, August, 1916, for regulations.) NOTICE: Only four stakes reported for October.

A. RALPH AMOTT, No. 5401 Shimpoin Cho, Tennopi, Osaka, Japan, writes Oct. 19: "We greatly appreciate the *Improvement Era* because of the great good that we derive from it. It forms our only direct communication with the Saints at home, and embodying as it does the best thoughts of those deeply interested in the work of the gospel propagation has also timely advise on matters both temporal and spiritual, it becomes a never ending source of inspiration and encouragement in our labors. We await anxiously its arrival each month."

FRED L. W. BENNETT, Logan, Utah, writes: "The *Era* is the best magazine of its kind I have ever seen. It was a sufficient blend of religious and secular matter—it is almost unique."

Improvement Era, December, 1916

Two Dollars per Annum with Manual Free

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter

Address, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Joseph F. Smith, { *Editors* Heber J. Grant, *Business Manager*
Edward H. Anderson, { Moroni Snow, *Assistant*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Mountain Chief and Nephew.....	Frontispiece
The Birth of Jesus. A Poem.....	Orson F. Whitney..... 97
Faith	Nephi Jensen 99
Prosperity, Debts and Investments.....	Charles W. Nibley..... 102
Stand By. A Poem.....	Ralph Dewey Smuin..... 105
Vicarious Work for the Dead.....	Theodore E. Curtis..... 106
In the World of Spirits. Story of a Conversion.....	J. M. Sjodahl..... 111
Who Wants John Barleycorn?..... 121
Leave No Loopholes.....	George W. Middleton, M. D..... 122
The Right Way. A Poem.....	J. F. Day..... 124
Doing it Without Pressure.....	Edwin F. Parry..... 125
Solitude. A Poem.....	D. W. Smith..... 127
Down With the Old, Up With the New.....	J. B. Sumsion..... 123
Beyond Today. A Poem..... 130
The Making of a Man. A Story.....	Louis W. Oakes..... 131
Winter. A Poem.....	Hannah Bennett..... 141
Outlines for Scout Workers.—XV. Illustrated.....	Delbert W. Parratt..... 142
The Meaning of Education.—VIII.....	Dr. E. G. Peterson..... 147
Subduing the Earth.....	Willard Gardner 149
Give Us Peace. A Poem.....	Andrew Kimball Smith..... 151
Dear Land of the Valleys and Mountains. Song with Music	Evan Stephens 154
Hiking to the Summit of Mt. Baldy. Illustrated..... 156
Mind and Plan in Nature.....	Dr. Joseph T. Kingsbury..... 158
The Nativity. A Poem.....	O. F. Ursenbach..... 161
For my Little Babe's Sake. A Story.....	Henry Nicol Adamson..... 162
A Study in American Hebraic Names.—I.....	T. W. Brookbank..... 166
Nothin' Like Christmas for Drawin' Home the Folks. A Poem.....	Annie W. Hafen..... 171
Editors' Table—Dress and Social Practices.....	President Joseph F. Smith..... 172
How the Mutuals May Help..... 174
Death of President Francis M. Lyman..... 175
Messages from the Missions..... 176
Priesthood Quorums' Table..... How to Teach.....	David O. McKay..... 179
Visiting Every Family.....	H. R. Merrill..... 180
Mutual Work 182
Passing Events 185

Of Course You'll Give

BOOKS FOR XMAS

Send Your Order in
at Once so that we
can send the BOOKS
to you in good time.

Deseret
Sunday School Union
Book Store

44 E. on South Temple, Salt Lake City

Joseph Smith as Scientist

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe

One of the best scientific expositions of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith yet published.

Cloth Binding.....75c

Paper Binding.....25c

Send orders to MORONI SNOW,
General Secretary,
20-22 Bishop's Building,
Salt Lake City.

TELEPHONE, Wasatch 351

Jos. Wm. Taylor

Utah's Leading Undertaker
and Licensed Embalmer

Fine Funeral Chapel, Private Parlor,
Show Rooms and Morgue

OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

21, 23 and 25 South West Temple Street
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Luxurious Comfort

In Southern California and en Route.

Low Excursion Rates

Ask Agent for Rates,
Sale Dates, Limits and
Train Service.



Ticket Office
10 E. Third South,
Salt Lake City.

J. H. Manderfield, A.G.P.A.

Travel More Locally

at

Little Cost

via

Oregon Short Line



HALF FARE SUNDAYS-
SLIGHTLY MORE
SATURDAYS AND MONDAYS.

Ask your Agent for Details

"Utah's Most Popular
Music House"



"O My Father" and "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet"

COLUMBIA Double Record
(Plays on Columbia or Victor)

PRICE (both selections) - 75c
(Add 10c if ordered by Mail)

**A Record every Latter-day Saint Home
Should Have**

If you have no phonograph in your home now, why not order an outfit—a fine Grafonola and 10 records, including "O MY FATHER" and "WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR A PROPHET"? You ought to have a Grafonola and Records especially as CHRISTMAS IS APPROACHING. You need not risk a cent in trying a Grafonola in your home for we ship on

5 Days' FREE TRIAL—No Money Down

Write at once for full particulars of our FREE TRIAL OFFER—the most liberal ever made. You can secure a Grafonola and 10 records, including the one mentioned above, for as small a price as \$22.50, and on very easy terms. Write now, while you think of it. THIS OFFER IS LIMITED TO DECEMBER 14th, so ACT AT ONCE.

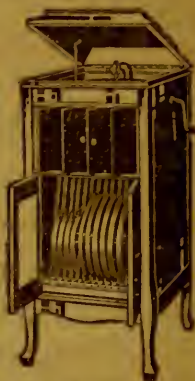
Daynes-Beebe Music Co.,
Salt Lake, Utah.

Gentlemen—Please send me catalog and terms and particulars of offer mentioned in the Era.

Name
Address

Send the Coupon to

**DAYNES-BEEBE
MUSIC COMPANY**
45 Main St., Salt Lake



LIFE INSURANCE

Protects your family if you die

Protects you if you live

Ask about our plan which helps you to accumulate an estate at the same time you are protecting your family.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

**ASSETS
MORE
THAN A
MILLION
DOLLARS**

Beneficial Life Insurance Company

Joseph F. Smith, President

Vermont Bldg., Salt Lake

Lorenzo N. Stahl, Vice-Pres. & Mgr.

**FARM
IMPLEMENTS
VEHICLES
HARDWARE**

**Consolidated
WAGON & MACHINE
Company**

DIRECTORS

JOSEPH F. SMITH
W. B. McCORNICK
THOMAS R. CUTLER
WILLIAM SPRY
HEBER SCOWCROFT
W. W. ARMSTRONG
R. P. MORRIS

GEO. T. ODELL
G. G. WRIGHT
JAMES. H. MOYLE
C. S. BURTON
JAS. L. WRATHALL
MALCOLM A. KEYSER
GRANT HAMPTON

**50
STORES
IN
UTAH
AND
IDAHO**